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Crema; or, My Father's Sin.

CHAPTER LIV.

BRUNTSEA DEFEATED.



LITTLE sleep had I, that night. Such conflict was in my mind about the proper thing to be done next, and such a war of the wind outside, above and between the distant uproar of the long tumultuous sea. Of that sound much was intercepted by the dead bulk of the cliff, but the wind swung fiercely over this, and rattled through all shelter. In the morning the storm was furious; but the Major declared that his weather-glass had turned, which proved that the gale was breaking. The top of the

tide would be at one o'clock, and after church we should behold a sight he was rather proud of—the impotent wrath of the wind and tide against his patent concrete.

"My dear, I scarcely like such talk," Mrs. Hockin gently interposed. "To me it seems almost defiant of the power of the Lord. Remember what happened to poor Smeaton—at least I think his name was Smeaton, or Stanley was it? But I dare say you know best. He defied the strength of the Lord, like the people at the mouth of their tent, and he was swallowed up."

"Mary, my dear, get your prayer-book. Rasper's fly is waiting for us, and the parson has no manners. When he drops off, I present to the living; and I am not at all sure that I shall let George have it. He is fond of processions, and all that stuff. The only procession in the Church of England is that of the lord of the manor to his pew. I will be the master in my own church."

"Of course, dear, of course; so you ought to be. It always was so in my father's parish. But you must not speak so of our poor George. He may be 'High-church,' as they call it; but he knows what is due to his family, and he has a large one coming."

We set off hastily for the church, through blasts of rain and buffets of wind, which threatened to overturn the cab, and the seaward window was white, as in a snowstorm, with pellets of froth, and the drift of sea-scud. I tried to look out, but the blur and the dash obscured the sight of everything. And though in this lower road we were partly sheltered by the pebble-ridge, the driver was several times obliged to pull his poor horse up and face the wind, for fear of our being blown over.

That ancient church, with its red-tiled spire, stands well up in the good old town, at the head of a street whose principal object now certainly is to lead to it. Three hundred years ago that street had business of its own to think of, and was brave perhaps with fine men and maids, at the time of the Spanish Armada. Its only bravery now was the good old church, and some queer gables, and a crypt (which was true to itself, by being buried up to the spandrils) and one or two corners, where saints used to stand, until they were pelted out of them, and where fisher-like men, in the lodging season, stand selling fish caught at Billingsgate. But to Bruntsea itself the great glory of that street was rather of hope than of memory. Bailiff Hopkins had taken out three latticed windows, and put in one grand one of plate-glass, with "finishing" blinds all varnished. And even on a Sunday morning, Bruntsea wanted to know whatever the Bailiff was at behind them. Some said that he did all his pickling on a Sunday; and by putting up "spectacle glass," he had challenged the oldest inhabitant to come and try his focus.

Despite all the rattle and roar of the wind, we went on in church as usual. The vicar had a stout young curate from Durham, who could outshout any tempest, with a good stone wall between them; and the Bruntsea folk were of thicker constitution than to care an old hat for the weather. Whatever was "sent by the Lord" they took with a grumble but no excitement. The clock in front of the gallery told the time of the day as five minutes to twelve, when the vicar, a pleasant old-

fashioned man, pronounced his text, which he always did thrice over to make us sure of it. And then he hitched up his old black gown, and directed his gaze at the lord of the manor, to impress the whole church with authority. Major Hockin acknowledged in a proper manner this courtesy of the minister, by rubbing up his crest, and looking even more wide awake than usual; whereas Aunt Mary, whose kind heart longed to see her own son in that pulpit, calmly settled back her shoulders, and arranged her head and eyes so well as to seem at a distance in rapt attention, while having a nice little dream of her own. But suddenly all was broken up. The sexton (whose licence as warden of the church, and even whose duty it was to hear the sermon only fitfully, from the tower arch, where he watched the boys, and sniffed the bakehouse of his own dinner)—to the consternation of everybody, this faithful man ran up the nave, with his hands above his head, and shouted,—

"All Brownzee be awash, awash"—sounding it so as to rhyme with "lash"—"the zea, the zea be all over us!"

The clergyman in the pulpit turned and looked through a window behind him, while all the congregation rose.

"It is too true," the preacher cried; "the sea is in over the bank, my friends. Every man must rush to his own home. The blessing of the Lord be on you through His fearful visitation!"

He had no time to say more; and we thought it very brave of him to say that, for his own house was in the lower village, and there he had a wife and children sick. In half a minute the church was empty, and the street below it full of people, striving and struggling against the blast, and breasting it at an incline like swimmers, but beaten back ever and anon and hurled against one another, with tattered umbrellas, hats gone, and bonnets hanging. And among them, like gulls before the wind, blew dollops of spray and chunks of froth, with every now and then a slate or pantile.

All this was so bad that scarcely anybody found power to speak, or think, or see. The Major did his very best to lead us, but could by no means manage it. And I screamed into his soundest ear, to pull Aunt Mary into some dry house—for she could not face such buffeting—and to let me fare for myself as I might. So we left Mrs. Hockin in the Bailiff's house, though she wanted sadly to come with us, and on we went to behold the worst. And thus, by running the byes of the wind, and craftily hugging the corners, we got to the foot of the street at last, and then could go no further.

For here was the very sea itself, with furious billows panting. Before us rolled and ran a fearful surf of crested whiteness, torn by the screeching squalls, and tossed in clashing tufts and pinnacles. And into these came, sweeping over the shattered chine of shingle, gigantic surges from the outer deep, towering as they crossed the bar, and combing against the sky-line, then rushing onward, and driving the huddle of the ponded waves before them.

The tide was yet rising, and at every blow the wreck and the havoc grew worse and worse. That long sweep of brickwork, the "Grand Promenade," bowed and bulged, with wall and window knuckled in and out, like wattles; the "Sea Parade" was a parade of sea; and a bathing machine wheels upward lay, like a wrecked Noah's Ark, on the top of the "Saline-Silico-Calcareous Baths."

The Major stood by me, while all his constructions "went by the board," as they say at sea; and verily everything was at sea. I grieved for him, so that it was not the spray alone that put salt drops on my cheeks. And I could not bear to turn and look at his good old weather-beaten face. But he was not the man to brood upon his woes in silence. He might have used nicer language perhaps, but his inner sense was manifold.

"I don't care a damn," he shouted so that all the women heard him; "I can only say I am devilish glad that I never let one of those houses."

There was a little band of seamen, under the shelter of a garden-wall, crouching, or sitting, or standing (or whatever may be the attitude, acquired by much voyaging and experience of bad weather, which cannot be solved, as to centre of gravity, even by the man who does it), and these men were so taken with the Major's manifesto, clenched at once and clarified to them by strong short language, that they gave him a loud "hurrah," which flew on the wings of the wind over housetops. So queer and sound is English feeling, that now Major Hockin became in truth what hitherto he was in title only—the lord and master of Bruntsea.

"A boat! a boat!" he called out again. "We know not who are drowning. The bank still breaks the waves; a stout boat surely could live inside it."

"Yes, a boat could live well enough in this cockle, though never among them breakers," old Barnes the fisherman answered, who used to take us out for whiting; "but Lord bless your honour, all the boats are thumped to pieces, except yonner one, and who can get at her?"

Before restoring his hands to their proper dwelling-place—his pockets,—he jerked his thumb towards a long white boat, which we had not seen through the blinding scud. Bereft of its brethren, or sisters—for all fluctuating things are feminine—that boat survived, in virtue of standing a few feet higher than the rest. But even so, and mounted on the last hump of the pebble-ridge, it was rolling and reeling with stress of the wind and the wash of wild water under it.

"How nobly our Lyceum stands!" the Major shouted, for anything less than a shout was dumb; "this is the time to try institutions. I am proud of my foundations."

In answer to his words, appeared a huge brown surge, a mountain-ridge, seething backward at the crest, with the spread and weight of onset. This great wave smote all other waves away, or else embodied them, and gathered its height against the poor worn pebble-bank, and descended. A

roar distinct above the universal roar proclaimed it, a crash of conflict shook the earth, and the shattered bank was swallowed in a world of leaping whiteness. When this wild mass dashed onward into the swelling flood before us, there was no sign of Lyceum left, but stubs of foundation, and a mangled roof rolling over and over, like a hen-coop.

"Well, that beats everything I ever saw," exclaimed the gallant Major. "What noble timber! What mortice-work! No London scamping there, my lads. But what comes here? Why the very thing we wanted! Barnes, look alive, my man. Run to your house, and get a pair of oars, and a bucket."

It was the boat, the last surviving boat of all that hailed from Bruntsea. That monstrous billow had tossed it up like a schoolboy's kite, and dropped it whole, with an upright keel, in the inland sea, though nearly half-full of water. Driven on by wind and wave it laboured heavily towards us; and more than once it seemed certain to sink, as it broached to, and shipped seas again. But half a dozen bold fishermen rushed with a rope into the short angry surf—to which the polled shingle-bank still acted as a powerful breakwater, else all Bruntsea had collapsed—and they hauled up the boat with a hearty cheer, and ran her up straight with "yo—heave—oh," and turned her on her side to drain, and then launched her again with a bucket and a man to bail out the rest of the water, and a pair of heavy oars brought down by Barnes, and nobody knows what other things.

"Nought to steer with. Rudder gone!" cried one of the men, as the furious gale drove the boat, athwart the street, back again.

"Wants another oar," said Barnes. "What a fool I were to bring only two!"

"Here you are," shouted Major Hockin; "one of you help me to pull up this pole."

Through a shattered gate they waded into a little garden, which had been the pride of the season at Bruntsea; and there from the ground they tore up a pole, with a board at the top nailed across it, and the following not rare legend—"Lodgings to let. Enquire within. First floor front, and back parlours."

"Fust-rate thing to steer with! Would never have believed you had the sense!" So shouted Barnes, a rough man, roughened by the stress of storm and fright. "Get into starn-sheets if so liketh. Ye know, ye may be useful."

"I defy you to push off without my sanction. Useful, indeed! I am the captain of this boat. All the ground under it is mine. Did you think, you set of salted radicals, that I meant to let you go without me? And all among my own houses!"

"Look sharp, governor, if you has the pluck, then. Mind, we are more like to be swamped than not."

As the boat swung about, Major Hockin jumped in, and so, on the spur of the moment, did I. We staggered all about with the heave and

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roll, and both would have fallen on the planks, or out over, if we had not tumbled, with opposite impetus, into the arms of each other. Then a great wave burst and soaked us both, and we fell into sitting on a slippery seat.

Meanwhile two men were tugging at each oar, and Barnes himself steering with the signboard; and the head of the boat was kept against the wind and the billows from our breakwater. Some of these seemed resolved (though shorn of depth and height in crossing) to rush all over us and drown us in the washerwomen's drying-ground. By skill, and presence of mind, our captain, Barnes, foiled all their violence, till we got a little shelter from the ruins of the "Young Men's Christian Institute."

"Hold all," cried Barnes; "only keep her head up, while I look about what there is to do."

The sight was a thing to remember; and being on the better side now of the scud, because it was flying away from us, we could make out a great deal more of the trouble which had befallen Bruntsea. The stormy fiord which had usurped the ancient track of the river was about a furlong in width, and troughed with white waves vaulting over. And the sea rushed through at the bottom as well, through scores of yards of pebbles, as it did in quiet weather even, when the tide was brimming. We in the tossing boat, with her head to the inrush of the outer sea, were just like people sitting upon the floats or rafts of a furious weir; and if any such surge had topped the ridge as the one which flung our boat to us, there could be no doubt that we must go down, as badly as the Major's houses. However, we hoped for the best, and gazed at the desolation inland.

Not only the Major's great plan, but all the lower line of old Bruntsea, was knocked to pieces, and lost to knowledge in freaks of wind-lashed waters. Men and women were running about with favourite bits of furniture, or featherbeds, or babies' cradles, or whatever they had caught hold of. The butt-ends of the three old streets that led down towards the sea-ground were dipped, as if playing see-saw in the surf, and the storm made gangways of them and lighthouses of the lamp-posts. The old public-house at the corner was down, and the waves leaping in at the post-office door, and wrecking the globes of the chemist.

"Drift and dash, and roar and rush, and the devil let loose in the thick of it. My eyes are worn out with it. Take the glass, Erema, and tell us who is next to be washed away. A new set of clothes-props for Mrs. Mangles I paid for the very day I came back from town."

With these words, the lord of the submarine manor (whose strength of spirit amazed me) offered his pet binocular, which he never went without upon his own domain. And fisherman Barnes, as we rose and fell, once more saved us from being "swamped," by his clever way of paddling through a scollop in the stern, with the board about the first floor front to let.

The seamen, just keeping way on the boat, sheltered their eyes with their left hands, and fixed them on the tumultuous scene.

I also gazed through the double glass, which was a very clear one; but none of us saw any human being at present in any peril.

"Old pilot was right after all," said one; "but what a good job as it come o' middle day, and best of all of a Sunday!"

"I have heered say," replied another, "that the like thing come to pass nigh upon three hunder years agone. How did you get your things out, Jem Bishop?"

Jem, the only one of them whose house was in the havoc, regarded with a sailor's calmness the entry of the sea through his bedroom window, and was going to favour us with a narrative, when one of his mates exclaimed—

"What do I see yonner, lads? Away beyond town altogether. Seemeth to me like a fellow swimming. Miss, will you lend me spy-glass? Never seed a double-barrelled one before. Can use him with one eye shut, I s'pose?"

"No good that way, Joe," cried Barnes, with a wink of superior knowledge, for he often had used this "binocular;" "shut one eye for one barrel—stands to reason then, you must shut both for two, my son."

"Stow that," said the quick-eyed sailor, as he brought the glass to bear in a moment. "It is a man in the water, lads, and swimming to save the witch, I do believe."

"Bless me!" cried the Major; "how stupid of us! I never thought once of that poor woman. She must be washed out long ago. Pull for your lives, my friends. A guinea a-piece if you save her."

"And another from me," I cried. Whereupon the boat swept round, and the tough ash bent, and we rushed into no small danger. For nearly half a mile had we to pass of raging and boisterous water, almost as wild as the open sea itself, at the breaches of the pebble-ridge. And the risk of a heavy sea boarding us was fearfully multiplied by having thus to cross the storm, instead of breasting it. Useless and helpless, and only in the way, and battered about by wind and sea, so that my Sunday dress was become a drag; what folly, what fatuity, what frenzy I might call it, could ever have led me to jump into that boat? "I don't know. I only know that I always do it," said my sensible self to its mad sister, as they both shut their eyes at a great white wave. "If I possibly survive, I will try to know better. But ever from my childhood I am getting into scrapes."

The boat laboured on, with a good many grunts, but not a word from any one. More than once we were obliged to fetch up, as a great billow topped the poor shingle bank; and we took so much water on board that the men said afterwards that I saved them. I only remember sitting down, and working at the bucket with both hands, till much of the skin was gone, and my arms and many other places ached. But what was that, to be compared with drowning?

At length we were opposite "Desolate Hole," which was a hole no longer, but filled and flooded with the churning whirl and reckless dominance of water. Tufts and tussocks of shattered brush and rolling wreck played round it, and the old gray stone of mullioned windows split the wash, like mooring-posts. We passed and gazed; but the only sound was the whistling of the tempest, and the only living sight a sea-gull, weary of his wings, and drowning.

"No living creature can be there," the Major broke our long silence; "land, my friends; if land we may. We risk our own lives for nothing."

The men lay back on their oars, to fetch the gallant boat to the wind again, when through a great gap in the ruins they saw a sight that startled manhood. At the back of that ruin, on the landward side, on a wall which tottered under them, there were two figures standing. One a tall man, urging on, the other a woman shrinking. At a glance, or with a thought, I knew them both. One was Lord Castlewood's first love; the other his son and murderer.

Our men shouted with the whole power of their hearts to tell that miserable pair to wait till succour should be brought to them. And the Major stood up and waved his hat, and in doing so tumbled back again. I cannot tell—how could I tell in the thick of it?—but an idea or a flit of fancy touched me (and afterwards became conviction) that while the man heard us not at all, and had no knowledge of us, his mother turned round, and saw us all, and faced the storm in preference.

Whatever the cause may have been, at least she suddenly changed her attitude. The man had been pointing to the roof, which threatened to fall in a mass upon them; while she had been shuddering back from the depth of eddying waves below her. But now she drew up her poor bent figure, and leaned on her son to obey him.

Our boat, with strong arms labouring for life, swept round, the old gable of the ruin; but we were compelled to "give it wide berth," as Captain Barnes shouted; and then a black squall of terrific wind and hail burst forth. We bowed our heads, and drew our bodies to their tightest compass, and every rib of our boat vibrated, as a violin does; and the oars were beaten flat, and dashed their drip into fringes like a small-toothed comb.

That great squall was either a whirlwind, or the crowning blast of a hurricane. It beat the high waves hollow, as if it fell from the sky upon them; and it snapped off one of our oars at the hilt, so that two of our men rolled backward. And when we were able to look about again, the whole roof of "Desolate Hole" was gone, and little of the walls left standing. And how we should guide our course, or even save our lives, we knew not.

We were compelled to bring up—as best we might—with the boat's head to the sea, and so to keep it, by using the steering gear against the surviving oar. As for the people we were come to save, there was no

chance whatever of approaching them. Even without the mishap to the oar, we never could have reached them.

And indeed when first we saw them again, they seemed better off than ourselves were. For they were not far from dry land, and the man (a skilful and powerful swimmer) had a short piece of plank, which he knew how to use, to support his weak companion.

"Brave fellow ! Fine fellow !" the Major cried, little knowing whom he was admiring. "See how he keeps up his presence of mind ! Such a man as that is worth anything. And he cares more for her than he does for himself. He shall have the Society's medal. One more long and strong stroke, my noble friend. Oh, great God ! what has befallen him ?"

In horror and pity we gazed. The man had been dashed against something headlong. He whirled round and round in white water, his legs were thrown up, and we saw no more of him. The woman cast off the plank, and tossed her helpless arms in search of him. A shriek, ringing far on the billowy shore, declared that she had lost him ; and then, without a struggle, she clasped her hands, and the merciless water swallowed her.

"It is all over," cried Major Hockin, lifting his drenched hat solemnly. "The Lord knoweth best. He has taken them home."

CHAPTER LV.

A DEAD LETTER.

WITH that great tornado, the wind took a leap of more points of the compass than I can tell. Barnes, the fisherman, said how many ; but I might be quite wrong in repeating it. One thing, at any rate, was within my compass—it had been blowing to the top of its capacity, direct from the sea ; but now it began to blow quite as hard along the shore. This rough ingratitude of wind to waves, which had followed each breath of its orders, produced extraordinary passion, and raked them into pointed wind-cocks.

"Captain, we can't live this out," cried Barnes ; "we must run her ashore at once ; tide has turned ; we might be blown out to sea, with one oar, and then the Lord himself couldn't save us."

Crippled as we were, we contrived to get into a creek, or back-water, near the Major's gate. Here the men ran the boat up, and we all climbed out, stiff, battered, and terrified, but doing our best to be most truly thankful.

"Go home, Captain, as fast as you can, and take the young lady along of you," said Mr. Barnes, as we stood and gazed at the weltering breadth of disaster ; "we are born to the drip ; but not you, sir ; and you are not so young as you was, you know."

"I am younger than ever I was," the lord of the manor answered, sternly, yet glancing back, to make sure of no interruption from his better half—who had not even heard of his danger—"none of that nonsense to me, Barnes! You know your position, and I know mine. On board of that boat, you took the lead, and that may have misled you. I am very much obliged to you, I am sure, for all your skill and courage; which have saved the lives of all of us. But on land, you will just obey me."

"Sartinly, Captain. What's your orders?"

"Nothing at all. I give no orders. I only make suggestions. But if your experience sees a way to recover those two poor bodies, let us try it at once—at once, Barnes. Erema, run home. This is no scene for you. And tell Margaret to put on the double-bottomed boiler, with the stock she made on Friday, and a peck of patent peas. There is nothing to beat pea-soup; and truly one never knows what may happen."

This was only too evident now, and nobody disobeyed him.

Running up his "drive," to deliver that message, at one of the many bends I saw people from Bruntsea hurrying along a footpath through the dairy-farm. While the flood continued, this was their only way to meet the boat's crew. On the steps of "Smuggler's Castle" (as Bruntlands House was still called by the wicked) I turned again, and the new sea-line was fringed with active searchers. I knew what they were looking for; but scared, and drenched, and shivering as I was, no more would I go near them. My duty was rather to go in and comfort dear Aunt Mary, and myself. In that melancholy quest I could do no good, but a great deal of harm, perhaps, if anything was found, by breaking forth about it.

Mrs. Hockin had not the least idea of the danger we had encountered. Bailiff Hopkins had sent her home, in Rasper's fly, by an inland road, and she kept a good scolding quite ready for her husband, to distract his mind from disaster. That trouble had happened, she could not look out of her window without knowing; but could it be right, at their time of life, to stand in the wet so, and challenge Providence, and spoil the first turkey-poult of the season?

But when she heard of her husband's peril, in the midst of all his losses, his self-command, and noble impulse first of all to rescue life, she burst into tears, and hugged and kissed me, and said the same thing nearly fifty times.

"Just like him. Just like my Nicholas. You thought him a speculative, selfish man. Now you see your mistake, Erema."

When her veteran husband came home at last (thoroughly jaded, and bringing his fishermen to gulp the pea-soup and to gollop the turkey) a small share of mind, but a large one of heart, is required to imagine her doings. Enough that the Major kept saying "Pooh-pooh!" and the more he said the less he got of it.

When feelings calmed down, and we returned to facts, our host and hero—who in plain truth had not so wholly eclipsed me in courage, though of course I expected no praise, and got none, for people hate courage in a lady—to put it more simply, the Major himself, making a considerable fuss, as usual—for to my mind he never could be Uncle Sam—produced from the case of his little “Church Service,” to which he had stuck like a Briton, a sealed and stamped letter, addressed to me at Castlewood, in Berkshire, “stamped,” not with any post-office tool, but merely with the red thing which pays the English post.

Sodden and blurred as the writing was, I knew the clear, firm hand, the same which on the envelope at Shoxford had tempted me to meanness. This letter was from Thomas Hoyle; the Major had taken it from the pocket of his corpse; all doubt about his death was gone. When he felt his feet on the very shore, and turned to support his mother, a violent wave struck the back of his head upon Major Hockin's pillar-box.

Such sadness came into my heart—though sternly it should have been gladness—that I begged their pardon, and went away, as if with a private message. And wicked as it may have been, to read was more than once to cry. The letter began abruptly—

“You know nearly all my story now. I have only to tell you what brought me to you, and what my present offer is. But to make it clear, I must enlarge a little.

“There was no compact of any kind between your father and myself. He forbore at first to tell what he must have known, partly perhaps to secure my escape, and partly for other reasons. If he had been brought to trial, his duty to his family and himself would have led him, no doubt, to explain things. And if that had failed, I would have returned and surrendered myself. As things happened, there was no need.

“Through bad luck, with which I had nothing to do, though doubtless the whole has been piled on my head, your father's home was destroyed, and he seems to have lost all care for everything. Yet how much better off was he than I! Upon me the curse fell at birth; upon him, after thirty years of ease and happiness. However, for that very reason, perhaps, he bore it worse than I did. He grew embittered against the world, which had in no way ill-treated him; whereas its very first principle is to scorn all such as I am. He seems to have become a misanthrope, and a fatalist like myself. Though it might almost make one believe the existence of such a thing as justice, to see pride pay for its wickedness thus—the injury to the outcast son recoil upon the pampered one, and the family arrogance crown itself with the ignominy of the family.

“In any case there was no necessity for my interference; and being denied by fate all sense of duty to a father, I was naturally driven to double my duty to my mother, whose life was left hanging upon mine. So we two for many years wandered about, shunning islands and insular prejudice. I also shunned your father, though (so far as I know)

he neither sought me nor took any trouble to clear himself. If the one child now left him had been a son, heir to the family property and so on, he might have behaved quite otherwise, and he would have been bound to do so. But having only a female child, who might never grow up, and, if she did, was very unlikely to succeed, he must have resolved at least to wait. And perhaps he confirmed himself with the reflection that even if people believed his tale (so long after date, and so unvouched), so far as family annals were concerned, the remedy would be as bad as the disease. Moreover, he owed his life to me, at great risk of my own; and to pay such a debt with the hangman's rope would scarcely appear quite honourable, even in the best society.

"It is not for me to pretend to give his motives, although from my knowledge of his character I can guess them pretty well perhaps. We went our several ways in the world, neither of us very fortunate.

"One summer, in the Black Forest, I fell in with an outcast Englishman, almost as great a vagabond as myself. He was under the ban of the law for writing his father's name without licence. He did not tell me that, or perhaps even I might have despised him, for I never was dishonest. But one great bond there was between us—we both detested laws and men. My intimacy with him is the one thing in life which I am ashamed of. He passed by a false name then, of course. But his true name was Montague Hockin. My mother was in very weak health then, and her mind for the most part clouded; and I need not say that she knew nothing of what I had done for her sake. That man pretended to take the greatest interest in her condition, and to know a doctor at Baden who could cure her.

"We avoided all cities (as he knew well), and lived in simple villages, subsisting partly upon my work, and partly upon the little income left by my grandfather, Thomas Hoyle. But compared with Hockin, we were well off; and he did his best to swindle us. Luckily all my faith in mankind was confined to the feminine gender; and not much even of that survived. In a very little time I saw that people may repudiate law, as well from being below as from being above it.

"Then he came one night, with the finest style, and noblest contempt of everything. We must prepare ourselves for great news, and all our kindness to him would be repaid tenfold in a week or two. Let me go into Freyburg that time to-morrow night, and listen! I asked him nothing as to what he meant, for I was beginning to weary of him, as of everybody. However, I thought it just worth while, having someone who bought my wicker-work, to enter the outskirts of the town on the following evening, and wait to be told if any news was stirring. And the people were amazed at my not knowing that last night the wife of an English lord—for so they called him, though no lord yet—had run away with a golden-bearded man, believed to be also English.

"About that you know more perhaps than I do. But I wish you to know what that Hockin was, and to clear myself of complicity. Of

Herbert Castlewood I knew nothing, and I never even saw the lady. And to say (as Sir Montague Hockin has said) that I plotted all that wickedness, from spite towards all of the Castlewood name, is to tell as foul a lie as even he can well indulge in.

"It need not be said that he does not know my story from any word of mine. To such a fellow I was not likely to commit my mother's fate. But he seems to have guessed at once that there was something strange in my history; and then after spying and low prying at my mother, to have shaped his own conclusion. Then having entirely under his power that young fool who left a kind husband for him, he conceived a most audacious scheme. This was no less than to rob your cousin, the last Lord Castlewood—not of his wife, and jewels, and ready money only—but also of all the disposable portion of the Castlewood estates. For the lady's mother had taken good care, like a true Hungarian, to have all the lands settled upon her daughter, so far as the husband could deal with them. And though, at the date of the marriage, he could not really deal at all with them—your father being still alive—it appears that his succession (when it afterwards took place) was bound, at any rate, as against himself. A divorce might have cancelled this—I cannot say—but your late cousin was the last man in the world to incur the needful exposure. Upon this they naturally counted.

"The new 'Lady Hockin' (as she called herself, with as much right as 'Lady Castlewood') flirted about, while her beauty lasted; but even then found her master in a man of deeper wickedness. But if her poor husband desired revenge—which he does not seem to have done perhaps—he could not have had it better. She was seized with a loathsome disease, which devoured her beauty, like Herod and his glory. I believe that she still lives, but no one can go near her; least of all, the fastidious Montague."

At this part of the letter, I drew a deep breath, and exclaimed, "Thank God!" I know not how many times; and perhaps it was a crime of me to do it even once.

"Finding his nice prospective game destroyed by this little accident—for he meant to have married the lady, after her husband's death, and set you at defiance; but even he could not do that now, little as he cares for opinion—what did he do but shift hands altogether? He made up his mind to confer the honour of his hand on you, having seen you somewhere in London, and his tactics became the very opposite of what they had been hitherto. Your father's innocence now must be maintained instead of his guiltiness.

"With this in view, he was fool enough to set the detective police after me—me, who could snap all their noses off! For he saw how your heart was all set on one thing, and expected to have you his serf for ever, by the simple expedient of hanging me. The detectives failed, as they always do. He also failed in his overtures to you.

"You did your utmost against me also; for which I bear you no ill-

will, but rather admire your courage. You acted in a straightforward way, and employed no dirty agency. Of your simple devices I had no fear. However, I thought it as well to keep an eye upon that Hockin, and a worthy old fool, some relation of his, who had brought you back from America. To this end, I kept my head-quarters near him, and established my mother comfortably. She was ordered sea-air, and has had enough. To-morrow I shall remove her. By the time you receive this letter, we shall both be far away, and come back no more; but first I shall punish that Hockin. Without personal violence this will be done.

"Now what I propose to you is simple, moderate, and most strictly just. My mother's little residue of life must pass in ease and comfort. She has wronged no one, but ever been wronged. Allow her 300*l.* a year, to be paid as I shall direct you. For myself I will not take a farthing. You will also restore, as I shall direct, the trinket upon which she sets great value, and for which I sought vainly, when we came back to England. I happen to know that you have it now.

"In return for these just acts, you have the right to set forth the whole truth publicly, to proclaim your father's innocence, and (as people will say) his chivalry; and which will perhaps rejoice you also, to hear no more of

"THOMAS HOYLE.

"P.S.—Of course, I am trusting your honour in this. But your father's daughter can be no sneak; as indeed I have already proved."

CHAPTER LVI.

WITH HIS OWN SWORD.

"WHAT a most wonderful letter!" cried the Major, when, after several careful perusals, I thought it my duty to show it to him. "He calls me a 'worthy old fool,' does he? Well, I call him something a great deal worse—an unworthy skulk, a lunatic, a subverter of rank, and a Radical! And because he was a bastard, is the whole world base? And to come, and live like that, in a house of mine, and pay me no rent, and never even let me see him! Your grandfather was quite right, my dear, in giving him the cold shoulder. Of course you won't pay him a farthing."

"You forget that he is dead," I answered; "and his poor mother with him. At least he behaved well to his mother. You called him a hero—when you knew not who he was. Poor fellow, he is dead! And in spite of all, I cannot help being very sorry for him."

"Yes, I dare say. Women always are. But you must show a little common sense, Erema. Your grandfather seems to have had too much, and your father far too little. We must keep this matter quiet. Neither the man nor the woman must we know, or a nice stir we shall have in

all the county papers. There must be an inquest, of course, upon them both; but none of the fellows read this direction, for the admirable reason that they cannot read. Our coming forward could do no good, and just now Bruntsea has other things to think of; and first and foremost, my ruin, as they say."

"Please not to talk of that," I exclaimed. "I can raise any quantity of money now, and you shall have it without paying interest. You wanted the course of the river restored, and now you have more—you have got the very sea. You could float the 'Bridal Veil' itself, I do believe, at Bruntsea."

"You have suggested a fine idea," the Major exclaimed with emphasis. "You certainly should have been an engineer. It is a thousand times easier—as everybody knows—to keep water in than to keep it out. Having burst my barricade, the sea shall stop inside and pay for it. Far less capital will be required. By Jove, what a fool I must have been not to see the hand of Providence in all this! Mary, can you spare me a minute, my dear? The noblest idea has occurred to me. Well, never mind, if you are busy; perhaps I had better not state it crudely, though it is not true that it happens every hour. I shall turn it over in my mind, throughout the evening service. I mean to be there, just to let them see. They think that I am crushed, of course. They will see their mistake; and, Erema, you may come. The gale is over, and the evening bright. You sit by the fire, Mary, my dear; I shall not let you out again; keep the silver kettle boiling. In church I always think more clearly than where people talk so much. But when I come home I require something. I see, I see. Instead of an idle, fashionable lounging-place for nincompoops from London, instead of flirtation and novel-reading, vulgarity, show, and indecent attire, and positively immoral bathing, we will now have industry, commerce, wealth, triumph of mechanism, lofty enterprise, and international goodwill. A harbour has been the great want of this coast; see what a thing it is at Newport! We will now have a harbour and floating docks, without any muddy, malarious river—all blue water from the sea; and our fine cliff-range shall be studded with good houses. And the whole shall be called 'Erema-port.'"

Well, Erema must be getting very near her port, although it was not at Bruntsea. Enough for this excellent man, and that still more excellent woman, that there they are, as busy and as happy as the day is long—which imposes some limit upon happiness, perhaps, inasmuch as to the busy every day is short. But Mrs. Hockin, though as full of fowls as ever, gets no White Sultans, nor any other rarity now from Sir Montague Hockin. That gentleman still is alive—so far, at least, as we have heard of; but no people owning any self-respect ever deal with him, to their knowledge. He gambled away all his father's estates, and the Major bought the last of them for his youngest son, a very noble Captain Hockin (according to his mother's judgment), whom I never had the

honour of seeing. Sir Montague lives in a sad plight somewhere, and his cousin still hopes that he may turn honest.

But as to myself and far greater persons, still there are a few words to be said. As soon as all necessary things were done at Bruntsea and at Castlewood, and my father's memory cleared from all stain, and by simple truth ennobled, in a manner strictly legal and consistent with heavy expenses, myself having made a long deposition and received congratulations—as soon as it was possible, I left them all, and set sail for America.

The rashness of such a plan it is more easy for one to establish than two to deny. But what was there in it of peril or of enterprise compared with what I had been through already? I could not keep myself now from going, and reasoned but little about it.

Meanwhile there had been no further tidings of Colonel Gundry or Firm, or even Martin of the Mill himself. But one thing I did which showed some little foresight. As soon as my mind was made up, and long before ever I could get away, I wrote to Martin Clogfast telling him of my intention, and begging him, if he had any idea of the armies, or the Sawyer, or even Firm, or anything whatever of interest, to write (without losing a day) to me, directing his letter to a house in New York, whose address Major Hockin gave me.

So many things had to be done, and I listened so foolishly to the Major (who did his very best to stop me) that it came to be May, 1862 (nearly four years after my father's death), before I could settle all my plans and start. For everybody said that I was much too young to take such a journey all by myself, and "what everybody says must be right," whenever there is no exception to prove the rule. "Aunt Marys" are not to be found every day, nor even Major Hockins; and this again helped to throw me back in getting away from England. And but for his vast engineering ideas, and another slight touch of rheumatic gout (brought upon herself by Mrs. Hockin through setting seven hens in one evening), the Major himself might have come with me, "to observe the new military tactics," as well as to look for his cousin Sampson.

In recounting this, I seem to be as long as the thing itself was in accomplishing. But at last it was done, and most kindly was I offered the very thing to suit me—permission to join the party of a well-known British officer, Colonel Cheriton, of the Engineers. This gentleman, being of the highest repute as a writer upon military subjects, had leave from the Federal Government to observe the course of this tremendous war. And perhaps he will publish some day what seems as yet to be wholly wanting—a calm and impartial narrative of that unparalleled conflict. At any rate, he meant to spare no trouble in a matter so instructive, and he took his wife and two daughters—very nice girls who did me a world of good—to establish them in Washington, or wherever the case might require.

Lucky as this was for me, I could not leave my dear and faithful

friends without deep sorrow ; but we all agreed that it should be only for a very little time. We landed first at New York, and there I found two letters from Martin of the Mill. In the first he grumbled much, and told me that nothing was yet known about Uncle Sam ; in the second he grumbled (if possible) more, but gave me some important news. To wit, he had received a few lines from the Sawyer, who had failed as yet to find his grandson, and sadly lamented the misery he saw, and the shocking destruction of God's good works. He said that he could not bring himself to fight (even if he were young enough) against his own dear countrymen, one of whom was his own grandson ; at the same time he felt that they must be put down, for trying to have things too much their own way. About slavery, he had seen too much of niggers to take them at all for his equals, and no white man with any self-respect would desire to be their brother. The children of Ham were put down at the bottom, as their noses and their lips pronounced, according to Divine revelation ; and for sons of Japhet to break up the noblest nation in the world, on their account, was like rushing in to inherit their curse. As sure as his name was Sampson Gundry, those who had done it would get the worst, though as yet they were doing wonders. And there could be no doubt about one thing—which party it was that began it. But come what would of it, here he was ; and never would Saw-mills see him again, unless he brought Firm Gundry. But he wanted news of poor Miss 'Rema ; and if any came to the house, they must please to send it to the care of Colonel Baker, head-quarters of the army of the Potomac.

This was the very thing I wished to know, and I saw now how stupid I must have been not to have thought of it long ago. For Colonel Baker was, to my knowledge, an ancient friend of Uncle Sam, and had joined the national army at the very outbreak of the war. Well-known not only in California, but throughout the States, for gallantry and conduct, this officer had been a great accession to the Federal cause, when so many wavered, and so he was appointed to a good command. But, alas, when I told Colonel Cheriton my news, I learned from him (who had carefully watched all the incidents of the struggle) that Uncle Sam's noble friend had fallen in the battle of Ball's Bluff, while charging at the head of his regiment.

Still there was hope that some of the officers might know where to find Uncle Sam, who was not at all a man to be mislaid ; and being allowed to accompany my English friends, I went on to Washington. We found that city in a highly nervous state, and from time to time ready to be captured. General Jackson was almost at the gates, and the President every day was calling out for men. The army of Virginia had been beaten back to intrenchments before the capital, and General Lee was invading Maryland. Battle followed battle, thick as blows upon a threshing-floor, and though we were always said to be victorious, the enemy seemed none the more to run away. In this confusion, what chance had I of discovering even the Sawyer ?

Colonel Cheriton (who must have found me a dreadful thorn in the flank of his strategy,) missed no opportunity of inquiry, as he went from one valley to another. For the war seemed to run along the course of rivers, though it also passed through the forests and lakes, and went up into the mountains. Our wonderfully clever and kind member of the British army was delighted with the movements of General Lee, who alone showed scientific elegance in slaying his fellow-countrymen; and the worst of it was that instead of going after my dear Uncle Sam, Colonel Cheriton was always rushing about with maps, plans, and telescopes, to follow the tracery of Lee's campaign. To treat of such matters is far beyond me, as I am most thankful to confess. Neither will I dare to be sorry for a great man doing what became his duty. My only complaint against him is that he kept us in a continual fright.

However, this went by, and so did many other things, though heavily laden with grief and death; and the one thing we learned was to disbelieve ninety-nine out of every hundred. Letters for the Sawyer were despatched by me to every likely place for him, and advertisements put into countless newspapers, but none of them seemed to go near him. Old as he was, he avoided feather-beds, and roamed like a true Californian. But at last I found him, in a sad, sad way.

It was after the battle of Chancellorsville, and our army had been driven back across the Rappahannock. "Our army," I call it, because (although we belonged to neither party), fortune had brought us into contact with these; and knowing more about them, we were bound to take their side. And not only that, but to me it appeared altogether beyond controversy, that a man of large mind and long experience (such as Uncle Sam had) should know much better than his grandson which cause was the one to fight for. At the same time Firm was not at all to be condemned. And if it was true, as Martin Clogfast said, that trouble of mind at my absence had driven him into a prejudiced view, nothing could possibly be more ungracious than for me to make light of his judgment.

Being twenty years old by this time, I was wiser than I used to be, and now made a practice of thinking twice before rushing into peril, as I used to do in California, and to some extent also in England. For though my adventures might not have been as strange as many I myself have heard of (especially from Suan Isco), nevertheless they had comprised enough of teaching and suffering also, to make me careful about having any more. And so, for a long time, I kept at the furthest distance possible, in such a war, from the vexing of the air with cannons, till even Colonel Cheriton's daughters, perfectly soft and peaceful girls, began to despise me as a coward! Knowing what I had been through, I indulged their young opinions.

Therefore they were the more startled when I set forth under a sudden impulse, or perhaps impatience, for a town very near the headquarters of the defeated General Hooker. As they were so brave, I asked

them whether they would come with me ; but although their father was known to be there, they turned pale at the thought of it. This pleased me, and made me more resolute to go ; and in three days' time, I was at Falmouth, a town on our side of the Rappahannock.

Here I saw most miserable sights that made me ashamed of all trifling fear. When hundreds and thousands of gallant men were dying in crippled agony, who or what was I to make any fuss about my paltry self ? Clumsy as I was, some kind and noble ladies taught me how to give help among the sufferers.

At first I cried so at everybody's pain, while asking why ever they should have it, that I did some good by putting them up to bear it rather than distress me so. And when I began to command myself (as custom soon enabled me), I did some little good again by showing them how I cared for them. Their poor weak eyes, perhaps never expecting to see a nice thing in the world again, used to follow me about with a faint, slow roll, and a feeble spark of jealousy.

That I should have had such a chance of doing good, onefold to others and a thousandfold to self, at this turn of life, when I was full of little me, is another of the many most clear indications of a kind hand over me. Every day there was better than a year of ordinary life, in breaking the mind from its little selfish turns, and opening the heart to a larger power. And all this discipline was needed.

For one afternoon when we all were tired, with great heat upon us suddenly, and the flies beginning to be dreadful, our chief being rather unwell and fast asleep, the surgeons away, and our beds as full as they could be, I was called down to reason with an applicant who would take no denial. "A rough man, a very rough old man, and in a most terrible state of mind," said the girl who brought the message ; "and room he would have, or he would know the reason."

"The reason is not far to seek," I answered, more to myself than her, as I ran down the stairs to discomfit that old man. At the open door, with the hot wind tossing worn white curls, and parching shrivelled cheeks, now wearily raising his battered hat, stood my dear Uncle Sam, the Sawyer.

"Lor' a massy, young lady, be you altogether daft ? In my best of days, never was I lips for kissing. And the bootifullest creatur—come now, I ain't saved your life, have I now ?"

"Yes, fifty times over. Fifty thousand times. Uncle Sam, don't you know Erema ?"

"My eyes be dashed ! And dashed they be, to forget the look of yours, my dearie. Seven days have I marched, without thanking the Lord ; and hot coals of fire has He poured upon me now, for his mercy endureth for ever. To think of you—to think of you—as like my own child as could be—only of more finer breed—here standing in front of me, like this here ! There, I never dreamed to do that again, and would scorn a young man at the sight of it."

The Sawyer was too honest to conceal that he was weeping. He simply turned his tanned and weathered face towards the door-post, not to hide his tears, but to reconcile his pride by feigning it. I felt that he must be at very low ebb, and all that I had seen of other people's sorrow had no power to assuage me. Inside the door, to keep the hot wind out and hide my eyes from the old man's face, I had some little quiet sobs, until we could both express ourselves.

"It is poor Firm, the poor, poor lad—oh, what hath happened him? That I should see the day!"

Uncle Sam's deep voice broke into a moan, and he bowed his rough forehead on his arm, and shook. Then I took him by the sleeve and brought him in.

"Not dead—poor Firm, your only one—not dead?" as soon as words would come, I asked, and trembled for the opening of his lips.

"Not dead—not quite; but ten times worse. He hath flown into the face of the Lord, like Saul and his armour-bearer. He hath fallen on his own sword; and the worst of it is that the darned thing won't come out again."

"Firm, the last person in the world to do it! Oh, Uncle Sam, surely they have told you —"

"No lies, no lie at all, my dear. And not only that, but he wanteth now to die—and won't be long first, I reckon. But no time to lose, my dear. The Lord hath sent you to make him happy in his leaving of the world. Can 'e raise a bed and a doctor here? If he would but groan I could bear it a bit, instead of bleeding inward. And for sartin sure, a' would groan nicely, if only by force of habit, at first sight of a real doctor."

"There are half-a-dozen here," I said; "or at least close by. He shall have my own bed. But where is he?"

"We have laid 'un in the sand," he answered simply, "for to dry his perspiration. That weak the poor chap is that he streameth night and day, Miss. Never would you know him for our Firm now, any more than me for Sampson Gundry. Ah me, but the Lord is hard on us!"

Slowly and heavily he went his way to fetch poor Firm to the hospital; while, with light feet but a heavy heart, I returned to arouse our managers. Speedily and well were all things done; and in half an hour Firm lay upon my bed, with two of the cleverest surgeons of New York most carefully examining his wasted frame. These whispered and shook their heads, as in such a case was indispensable; and listening eagerly, I heard the senior surgeon say—"No, he could never bear it." The younger man seemed to think otherwise, but to give way to the longer experience. Then dear Uncle Sam, having bought a new hat at the corner of the street, came forward. Knowing too well what excitement is, and how it changes every one, I lifted my hand for him to go back; but he only put his great hot web of fingers into mine, and drew me to him softly, and covered me up with his side. "He heareth nort, nort, nort," he whispered to me; and then spoke aloud.

"Gentlemen and ladies, or ladies and gentlemen, is the more correct form now-a-days, have I leave to say a word or two? Then if I have, as your manner to me showeth, and heartily thanking you for that same my words shall go into an acorn-cup. This lad, laid out at your mercy here, was as fine a young fellow as the West hath ever raised; straight, and nimble, and could tell no lie. Family reasons, as you will excoose of, drew him to the arms of rebellion. I may have done, and overdone it myself, in arguing cantrips, and convictions, whereof to my knowledge good never came yet. At any rate, off he went anyhow; and the force of nature drew me after him. No matter that to you, I dare say; but it would be, if you was in it.

"Ladies and gentlemen, here he is; and no harm can you make out of him. Although he hath fought for the wrong side to our thinking, bravely hath he fought, and made his way to a Colonelship, worth five thousand dollars, if ever they pay their wages. Never did I think that he would earn so much, having never owned gifts of machinery; and concerning the handling of the dollars perhaps will carry my opinion out. But where was I wandering of a little thing like that?

"It hath pleased the Lord, who doeth all things well, when finally come to look back upon—the Lord hath seen fit to be down on this young man for going agin his grandfather. From Californy—a free state, mind you—he come away to fight for slavery. And how hath he magnified his office? By shooting the biggest man on that side, the almighty foe of the Union, the foremost captain of Midian—the General in whom they trusted. No bullets of ours could touch him; but by his own weapons he hath fallen. And soon as Ephraim Gundry heard it, he did what you see done to him."

Uncle Sam having said his say—which must have cost him dearly—withdraw from the bed where his grandson's body lay shrunken, lax, and grimy. To be sure that it was Firm, I gave one glance—for Firm had always been straight, tall, and large—and then, in a miserable mood, I stole to the Sawyer's side, to stand with him. "Am I to blame? Is this my fault? For even this am I to blame?" I whispered; but he did not heed me, and his hands were like hard stone.

After a long, hot, heavy time, while I was labouring vainly, the Sawyer also (through exhaustion of excitement) weary, and afraid to begin again with new bad news, as beaten people expect to do—the younger surgeon came up to him, and said, "Will you authorise it?"

"To cut 'un up? To show your museums what a Western lad is? Never. By the Blue River, he shall have a good grave. So help me God, to my own, my man!"

"You misunderstand me. We have more subjects now than we should want for fifty years. War knocks the whole of their value on the head. We have fifty bodies as good as his, and are simply obliged to bury them. What I mean is—shall we pull the blade out?"

"Can he do anything with that there blade in him? I have heard of a man in Kentucky once——"

"Yes, yes; we know all those stories, Colonel—suit the newspapers, not the journals. This fellow has what must kill him inside; he is worn to a shadow already. If there it is left, die he must, and quick stick; inflammation is set up already. If we extract it, his chance of surviving is scarcely one in a hundred."

"Let him have the one then, the one in the hundred, like the ninety and nine lost sheep. The Lord can multiply a hundredfold—some threescore, and some an hundredfold. I will speak to Him, gentlemen, while you try the job."

CHAPTER LVII.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

ALL that could be done by skill, and care, and love, was done for Firm. Our lady manager, and head-nurse, never left him when she could be spared, and all the other ladies vied in zeal for this young soldier, so that I could scarcely get near him. His grandfather's sad and extraordinary tale was confirmed by a wounded prisoner. Poor Ephraim Gundry's rare power of sight had been fatal perhaps to the cause he fought for, or at least to its greatest captain. Returning from desperate victory, the general, wrapped in the folds of night, and perhaps in the gloom of his own stern thoughts, while it seemed quite impossible that he should be seen, encountered the fire of his own troops; and the order to fire was given by his favourite officer, Colonel Firm Gundry. When the young man learned that he had destroyed, by a lingering death, the chief idol of his heart, he called for a rifle, but all refused him, knowing too well what his purpose was. Then under the trees, without a word or sigh, he set the hilt of his sword upon the earth, and the point to his heart—as well as he could find it. The blade passed through him, and then snapped off—but I cannot bear to speak of it.

And now, few people might suppose it, but the substance of which he was made will be clear, when not only his own knowledge of his case, but also the purest scientific reasoning established a truth more frankly acknowledged in the New World than in the Old one. It was proved that, with a good constitution, it is safer to receive two wounds than one, even though they may not be at the same time taken. Firm had been shot by the captain of Mexican robbers, as long ago related. He was dreadfully pulled down at the time, and few people could have survived it. But now that stood him in the very best stead, not only as a lesson of patience, but also in the question of cartilage. But not being certain what cartilage is, I can only refer inquirers to the note-book of the hospital, which has been printed.

For us, it was enough to know, that (shattered as he was and must

be) this brave and single-minded warrior struggled for the time successfully with that great enemy of the human race, to whom the human race so largely consign one another, and themselves. But some did say, and emphatically Uncle Sam, that Colonel Firm Gundry—for a colonel he was now, not by courtesy, but commission—would never have held up his head to do it, but must have gone on with his ravings for death, if somebody had not arrived, in the nick of time, and cried over him—a female somebody from old England.

And even after that, they say, that he never would have cared to be a man again, never would have calmed his conscience with the reflection, so common-place and yet so high—that having done our best according to our lights, we must not dwell always on our darkness—if once again, and for the residue of life, there had not been some one to console him. A consolation, that need not have, and is better without pure reason, coming, as that would come, from a quarter whence it is never quite welcome. Enough for me that he never laid hand to a weapon of war again, and never shall, unless our own home is invaded.

For after many months—each equal to a year of teaching and of humbling—there seemed to be a good time for me to get away, and attend to my duties in England. Of these I had been reminded often by letters, and once by a messenger, but all money-matters seemed dust in the balance where life and death were swinging. But now Uncle Sam and his grandson, having their love knit afresh by disaster, were eager to start for the Saw-mill, and trust all except their own business to Providence.

I had told them that, when they went westward, my time would be come for starting eastward; and being unlikely to see them again, I should hope for good news frequently. And then I got dear Uncle Sam by himself, and begged him, for the sake of Firm's happiness, to keep him as far as he could from Pennsylvania Sylvester. At the same time I thought that the very nice young lady, who jumped upon his nose from the window, Miss Annie—I forgot her name, or at any rate I told him so—would make him a good straightforward wife, so far as one could tell from having seen her. And that seemed to have been settled in their infancy. And if he would let me know when it was to be, I had seen a thing in London I should like to give them.

When I asked the Sawyer to see to this, instead of being sorry, he seemed quite pleased, and nodded sagaciously, and put his hat on, as he generally did, to calculate.

"Both of them gals have married long ago," he said, looking at me with a fine soft gaze; "and bad handfuls their mates have got of them. But what made you talk of them, Missy, or 'my lady'—as now you are in old country, I hear—what made you think of them like that, my dearie?"

"I can't tell what made me think of them. How can I tell why I think of everything?"

"Still, it was an odd thing for your ladyship to say."

"Uncle Sam, I am nobody's ladyship; least of all yours. What

makes you speak so? I am your own little wandering child, whose life you saved, and whose father you loved, and who loses all who love her. Even from you, I am forced to go away. Oh, why is it always my fate—my fate?"

"Hush!" said the old man; and I stopped my outburst at his whisper. "To talk of fate, my dearie, shows either one thing or the other—that we have no will of our own, or else that we know not how to guide it. I never knew a good man talk of fate. The heathens and the pagans made it. The Lord in heaven is enough for me; and he always hath allowed me my own free will, though I may not have handled 'un cleverly. And He giveth you your own will now, my Missy—to go from us, or to stop with us. And being as you are a very grand young woman now, owning English land and income paid in gold, instead of greenbacks—the same as our nugget seems likely—to my ideas it would be wrong if we was so much as to ask you."

"Is that what you are full of then, and what makes you so mysterious? I did think that you knew me better; and I had a right to hope so."

"Concerning of yourself alone is not what we must think of. You might do this, or you might do that, according to what you was told, or even more, according to what was denied you. For poor honest people, like Firm and me, to deal with such a case is out of knowledge. For us it is—go by the will of the Lord, and dead agin' your own desires."

"But, dear Uncle Sam," I cried, feeling that now I had him upon his own tenter-hooks, "you rebuked me as sharply as lies in your nature, for daring to talk about fate just now; but to what else comes your own conduct, if you are bound to go against your own desire? If you have such a lot of free will, why must you do what you do not like to do?"

"Well, well, perhaps I was talking rather large. The will of the world is upon us as well. And we must have respect for its settlements."

"Now let me," I said, with a trembling wish to have everything right and maidenly. "I have seen so much harm from misunderstandings, and they are so simple when it is too late; let me ask you one or two, questions, Uncle Sam. You always answer everybody. And to you a crooked answer is impossible."

"Business is business," the Sawyer said. "My dear, I contract accordingly."

"Very well. Then, in the first place, what do you wish to have done with me? Putting aside all the gossip, I mean, of people who have never even heard of me."

"Why, to take you back to Saw-mill with us, where you always was so natural."

"In the next place, what does your grandson wish?"

"To take you back to Saw-mill with him, and keep you there till death do you part, as chanceth to all mortal pairs."

"And now, Uncle Sam, what do I wish? You say we all have so much free will."

"It is natural that you should wish, my dear, to go and be a great lady, and marry a nobleman of your own rank, and have a lot of little noblemen."

"Then I fly against nature; and the fault is yours, for filling me so with machinery."

The Sawyer was beaten, and he never said again that a woman cannot argue.

CHAPTER LVIII.

BEYOND DESERT, AND DESERTS.

FROM all the carnage, havoc, ruin, hatred, and fury of that wicked war, we set our little convoy forth, with passes procured from either side. According to all rules of war, Firm was no doubt a prisoner; but having saved his life, and taken his word to serve no more against them, remembering also that he had done them more service than ten regiments, the Federal authorities were not sorry to be quit of him.

He, for his part, being of a deep, retentive nature, bore in his wounded breast a sorrow which would last his lifetime. To me he said not a single word about his bitter fortune, and he could not bring himself to ask me whether I would share it. Only from his eyes sometimes I knew what he was thinking; and having passed through so much grief, I was moved with deep compassion. Poor Firm had been trained by his grandfather to a strong, earnest faith in Providence, and now this compelled him almost to believe that he had been specially visited. For flying in the face of his good grandfather, and selfishly indulging his own stiff neck, his punishment had been hard and almost heavier than he could bear. Whatever might happen to him now, the spring and the flower of his life were gone; he still might have some calm existence, but never win another day of cloudless joy. And if he had only said this, or thought about it, we might have looked at him with less sadness of our own.

But he never said anything about himself, nor gave any opening for our comfort to come in. Only from day to day he behaved gently and lovingly to both of us, as if his own trouble must be fought out by himself, and should dim no other happiness. And this kept us thinking of his sorrow all the more; so that I could not even look at him without a flutter of the heart, which was afraid to be a sigh.

At last upon the great mountain range, through which we now were toiling, with the snow little more than a mantle for the peaks, and a sparkling veil for sunrise, dear Uncle Sam, who had often shown signs of impatience, drew me apart from the rest. Straightforward and blunt as he generally was, he did not seem altogether ready to begin, but pulled

off his hat, and then put it on again, the weather being now cold and hot by turns. And while he did this he was thinking at his utmost, as every full vein of his forehead declared. And being at home with his ways, I waited.

"Think you got ahead of me? No, not you," he exclaimed at last, in reply to some version of his own of my ideas, which I carefully made a nonentity under the scrutiny of his keen blue eyes. "No, no, Missy, you wait a bit. Uncle Sam was not hatched yesterday, and it takes fifty young ladies to go round him."

"Is that from your size, Uncle Sam, or your depth?"

"Well, a mixture of both, I do believe. Now, the last thing you ever would think of, if you lived to be older than Washington's nurse, is the very thing I mean to put to you. Only you must please to take it well, according to my meaning. You see our Firm going to a shadow, don't you? Very well, the fault of that is all yourn. Why not up and speak to him?"

"I speak to him every day, Uncle Sam; and I spare no efforts to fatten him. I am sure I never dreamed of becoming such a cook. But soon he will have Suan Isco."

"Old Injun be darned! It's not the stomach, it's the heart as wants nourishment with yon poor lad. He looketh that pitiful at you sometimes, my faith, I can hardly tell whether to laugh at his newings, or cry at the lean face that does it."

"You are not talking like yourself, Uncle Sam. And he never does anything of the kind. I am sure there is nothing to laugh at."

"No, no; to be sure not. I made a mistake. Heroic is the word, of course—everything is heroic."

"It is heroic," I answered, with some vexation at his lightness. "If you cannot see it, I am sorry for you. I like large things; and I know of nothing larger than the way poor Firm is going on."

"You to stand up for him!" Colonel Gundry answered, as if he could scarcely look at me. "You to talk large of him, my Lady Castlewood, while you are doing of his heart into small wittles! Well, I did believe, if no one else, that you were a straightforward one."

"And what am I doing that is crooked now?"

"Well, not to say crooked, Miss 'Rema; no, no. Only onconsistent, when squared up."

"Uncle Sam, you're a puzzle to me to-day. What is inconsistent! What is there to square up?"

He fetched a long breath, and looked wondrous wise. Then, as if his main object was to irritate me, he made a long stride, and said, "Soup's a-bilin' now."

"Let it boil over, then. You must say what you mean. Oh, Uncle Sam, I only want to do the right."

"I dessay. I dessay. But have you got the pluck, Miss? Our little Missy would a' done more than that. But come to be great lady—

why, they take another tune. With much mind, of course it might be otherwise. But none of 'em have any much of that to spare."

"Your view is a narrow one," I replied, knowing how that would astonish him. "You judge by your own experience only; and to do that shows a sad want of breadth, as the ladies in England express it."

The Sawyer stared, and then took off his hat, and then felt all about for his spectacles. The idea of being regarded by a "female" from a larger and loftier point of view, made a new sensation in his system.

"Yes," I continued, with some enjoyment, "let us try to look largely at all things, Uncle Sam. And supposing me capable of that, what is the proper and the lofty course to take?"

He looked at me with a strange twinkle in his eyes, and with three words discomfited me—"Pop the question."

Much as I had heard of woman's rights, equality of body and mind with man, and superiority in morals, it did not appear to me that her privilege could be driven to this extent. But I shook my head till all my hair came down, and so if our constitutional right of voting by colour was exercised, on this occasion it claimed the timid benefit of ballot.

With us, a suggestion for the time discarded has often double effect by-and-by; and though it was out of my power to dream of acting up to such directions, there could be no possible harm in reviewing such a theory theoretically.

Now nothing beyond this was in my thoughts, nor even so much as that (safely may I say), when Firm and myself met face to face on the third day after Uncle Sam's ideas. Our little caravan, of which the Sawyer was the captain, being bound for Blue River and its neighbourhood, had quitted the Sacramento track, by a fork on the left, not a league from the spot where my father had bidden adieu to mankind. And knowing every twist and turn of rock, our drivers brought us at the camping-time almost to the verge of chaparral.

I knew not exactly how far we were come, but the dust-cloud of memory was stirring, and though mountains looked smaller than they used to look, the things done among them seemed larger. And wandering forth from the camp to think, when the evening meal was over, lo! there I stood in that self-same breach or portal of the desert, in which I stood once by my father's side, with scared and weary eyes, vainly seeking safety's shattered landmark. The time of year was different, being the ripe end of October now; but though the view was changed in tint, it was even more impressive. Sombre memories, and deep sense of grandeur, which is always sad, and solemn lights, and stealing shadows, compassed me with thoughtfulness. In the mouth of the gorge was a gray block of granite, whereupon I sat down to think.

Old thoughts, dull thoughts, thoughts as common as the clouds that cross the distant plain, and as vague as the wind that moves them—they please and they pass, and they may have shed kindly influence, but what are they? The life that lies before us is, in some way too, below us, like

yon vast amplitude of plain ; but it must be traversed foot by foot, and laboriously traveiled, without the cloudy vapouring or the high-flown meditation. And all that must be done by me, alone, with none to love me, and (which for a woman is so much worse) nobody ever to have for my own, to cherish, love, and cling to.

Tier upon tier, and peak over peak, the finest mountains of the world are soaring into the purple firmament. Like Northern lights, they flash, or flush, or fade into a reclining gleam ; like ladders of heaven, they bar themselves with cloudy air ; and like heaven itself they rank their white procession. Lonely, feeble, puny, I look up with awe and reverence ; the mind pronounces all things small compared with this magnificence. Yet what will all such grandeur do—the self-defensive heart inquires—for puny, feeble, lonely me ?

Before another shadow deepened, or another light grew pale, a slow, uncertain step drew near, and by the merest chance it happened to be Ephraim Gundry's. I was quite surprised, and told him so ; and he said that he also was surprised at meeting me in this way. Remembering how long I had been here, I thought this most irrational, but checked myself from saying so, because he looked so poorly. And more than that, I asked him kindly how he was this evening, and smoothed my dress to please his eye, and offered him a chair of rock. But he took no notice of all these things.

I thought of the time when he would have behaved so very differently from this, and nothing but downright pride enabled me to repress vexation. However, I resolved to behave as kindly as if he were his own grandfather.

"How grand these mountains are !" I said. "It must do you good to see them again. Even to me it is such a delight. And what must it be to you, a native ?"

"Yes, I shall wander from them no more. How I wish that I had never done so !"

"Have men less courage than women ?" I asked, with one glance at his pale worn face. "I owe you the debt of life ; and this is the place to think and speak of it. I used to talk freely of that, you know. You used to like to hear me speak ; but now you are tired of that, and tired of all the world as well, I fear."

"No, I am tired of nothing, except my own vile degradation. I am tired of my want of spirit, that I cannot cast my load. I am tired of my lack of reason, which should always guide a man. What is the use of mind, or intellect, reasoning power, or whatever it is called, if the whole of them cannot enable a man to hold out against a stupid heart ?"

"I think you should be proud," I said, while trembling to approach the subject which never had been touched between us, "at having a nature so sensitive. Your evil chance might have been anybody's, and must of course have been somebody's. But nobody else would have taken it so—so delightfully as you have done."

"Delightfully! Is that the word you use? May I ask who gets any delight from it?"

"Why, all who hate the Southern cause," I replied, with a sudden turn of thought, though I never had meant to use the word; "surely that needs no explanation."

"They are delighted, are they? Yes, I can very well believe it. Narrow-minded bigots! Yes, they are sure to be delighted. They call it a just visitation, of course, a righteous retribution. And they hope I may never get over it."

"I pray you to take it more gently," I said; "they are very good men, and wish you no harm. But they must have their own opinions; and naturally they think them just."

"Then all their opinions are just wrong. They hope to see me go down to my grave. They shall not have that pleasure. I will outlive every old John Brown of them. I did not care two cents to live just now. Henceforth I will make a point of it. If I cannot fight for true freedom any more, having ruined it perhaps already, the least I can do is to give no more triumph to its bitter enemies. I will eat and drink, and begin this very night. I suppose you are one of them, as you put their arguments so neatly. I suppose you consider me a vile slave-driver?"

"You are very ill," I said, with my heart so full of pity that anger could not enter; "you are very ill, and very weak. How could you drive the very best slave now—even such a marvel as Uncle Tom?"

Firm Gundry smiled; on his lean dry face there shone a little flicker, which made me think of the time when he bought a jest-book, published at Cincinnati, to make himself agreeable to my mind. And little as I meant it, I smiled also, thinking of the way he used to come out with his hard-fought jokes, and expect it.

"I wish you were at all as you used to be," he said, looking at me, softly, through the courage of his smile, "instead of being such a grand lady."

"And I wish you were a little more like yourself," I answered, without thinking; "you used to think always there was nobody like me."

"Suppose that I am of the same opinion still? Tenfold, fiftyfold, a millionfold?"

"To suppose a thing of that sort is a little too absurd, when you have shown no sign of it."

"For your own dear sake I have shown no sign. The reason of that is too clear to explain."

"Then how stupid I must be, not to see an atom of it!"

"Why, who would have anything to say to me—a broken-down man, a fellow marked out for curses, one who hates even the sight of himself? The lowest of the low would shun me."

He turned away from me, and gazed back towards the dismal, miserable, spectral desert; while I stood facing the fruitful, delicious, flowery Paradise of all the world. I thought of the difference in our lots, and

my heart was in misery about him. Then I conquered my pride, and my littleness, and trumpery, and did what the gentle sweet Eve might have done. And never have I grieved for that action since.

With tears on my cheeks quite undissembled, and a breast not ashamed of fluttering, I ran to Firm Gundry, and took his right hand, and allowed him no refuge from tender wet eyes. Then before he could come to see the meaning of this haste—because of his very high discipline—I was out of his distance, and sitting on a rock, and I lifted my eyes, full of eloquence, to his; then I dropped them, and pulled my hat forward, and said, as calmly as was possible, "I have done enough. The rest remains with you, Firm Gundry."

The rest remained with him. Enough that I was part of that rest; and if not the foundation or crown of it, something desirous to be both, and failing (if fail it ever does) from no want of trial. Uncle Sam says that I never fail at all, and never did fail in anything, unless it was when I found that blamed nugget, for which we got three wagon-loads of greenbacks; which (when prosperity at last revives) will pay perhaps for greasing all twelve wheels.

Jowler admits not that failure even. As soon as he recovered from canine dementia, approaching very closely to rabies, at seeing me in the flesh once more (so that the Sierra Nevada rang with avalanches of barking), he tugged me to the place where his teeth were set in gold, and proved that he had no hydrophobia. His teeth are scanty now, but he still can catch a salmon, and the bright zeal and loyalty of his soft brown eyes, and the sprightly elevation of his tail, are still among dogs as pre-eminent as they are to mankind inimitable.

Now the war is past, and here we sit by the banks of the soft Blue River. The early storm and young conflict of a clouded life are over. Still out of sight there may be yet a sea of troubles to buffet with; but it is not merely a selfish thought, that others will face it with me. Dark mysteries have been cleared away by being confronted bravely; and the lesson has been learned that life (like Californian flowers) is of infinite variety. This little river, ten steps wide, on one side has all lupins, on the other side all larkspurs. Can I tell why? Can anybody? Can even itself, so full of voice and light, unroll the reason?

Behind us tower the stormy crags, before us spreads soft tapestry of earth, and sweep of ocean. Below us lies my father's grave, whose sin was not his own, but fell on him, and found him loyal. To him was I loyal also, as a daughter should be; and in my lap lies my reward—for I am no more Erema.

THE END.

Some Sonnets of Campanella.

In every realm of intellectual activity the Italians were the pioneers of modern civilisation. It was their destiny to discover and inaugurate, to try experiments and make the first essays, giving the form of final perfection only to the fine arts, but opening new paths in science and philosophy, in politics and commerce, in the analysis of human life, and in the exploration of the globe. Of late years, while acknowledging the æsthetical pre-eminence of the Italians, we have been apt to ignore or to depreciate the services they rendered to philosophy, philology, history, political economy, and science. Yet three centuries have not fully elapsed since the attention of Europe was habitually directed to the South for brilliant discoveries in each of these departments. At the beginning of the modern era Italy was emphatically the mistress and the teacher of the northern and more tardily developed nations in all that concerned their intellectual advancement; and if we have forgotten what we owed to her, it is because those nations, starting from the level gained by the Italians, have carried knowledge further than was possible in the first dawn of thought for them to do.

These general remarks form an introduction to the mention of a name now almost wholly forgotten. Tommaso Campanella is scarcely known by hearsay except to epicures of philosophical antiquities, like Sir William Hamilton, or to essayists on Utopias, who use the *Città del Sole* to illustrate the more famous ideal of Sir Thomas More. Yet the writings of this extraordinary man contain, as it were, proleptically, or in germ, nearly all the thoughts that have been fruitful since his day in modern science and philosophy. His poems, with which I am specially concerned in this place, are luminous with ideas remarkable for boldness even at the present time, and truly marvellous when we consider that he who penned those weighty phrases in his southern dungeon, was a Dominican monk of the sixteenth century. That Campanella did not or could not mould his teeming thoughts into a system, that he was unable to do more than take a Pisgah-view of modern development, renders his scientific work of little actual value now. In philosophy he was but a precursor; and his fame, like the light of a morning star, has very justly been swallowed up in that of men who make our noon. His poetry has a stronger claim to recognition; for the profound and pregnant thoughts, which Campanella had no opportunity of basing on a solid ground of proof and scientific demonstration, here appear in their true medium of emotional intensity and half-prophetic imagery.

The fate of these philosophical poems is not a little curious. Composed by Campanella at intervals during his imprisonment at Naples, they would probably have remained in manuscript but for an accident. A German gentleman, named Tobia Adami by the philosopher, visited Campanella in his dungeon, and received from him the seven books of his poems. They took his fancy so much that he determined to publish a portion of them; and accordingly in 1622 he gave about a seventh part of the whole collection to the press in Germany. This first edition was badly printed on very bad paper, without the name of press or place. It bore this title:—"Scelta d'alcune poesie filosofiche di Settimontano Squilla cavate da' suo' libri detti La Cantica con l'esposizione, stampato nell' anno MDCXXII." The pseudonym *Squilla* is a pun upon Campanella's name, since both *Campana* and *Squilla* mean a bell; while *Settimontano* contains a quaint allusion to his physical peculiarities, since the poet's skull was remarkable for seven protuberances. A very few copies of this book were printed; and none of them seem to have found their way into Italy, though it is possible that they had a limited circulation in Germany. At any rate, there is strong reason to suppose that Leibnitz was acquainted with the contents of the obscure little volume, while Herder in his *Adrastea* at a later period published free translations from a certain number of the sonnets. To this circumstance we owe the reprint of 1834, published at Lugano by John Gaspar Orelli, the celebrated Zürich scholar. Early in his youth Orelli was delighted with the German version made by Herder; and during his manhood, while residing as Protestant pastor at Bergamo, he used his utmost endeavours to procure a copy of the original. In his preface to the reprint he tells us that these efforts were wholly unsuccessful through a period of twenty-five years. He applied to all his literary friends, among whom he mentions the ardent Ugo Foscolo and the learned Mazzuchelli; but none of these could help him. He turned the pages of Crescimbeni, Quadrio, Gamba, Corniani, Tiraboschi, weighty with enormous erudition—and only those who make a special study of Italian know how little has escaped their scrutiny—but found no mention of Campanella as a poet. At last, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, he received the long-coveted little quarto volume from Wolfenbüttel in the north of Germany. The new edition which Orelli gave to the press at Lugano has this title:—"Poesie filosofiche di Tomaso Campanella pubblicate per la prima volta in Italia di Gio. Gaspare Orelli, Professore all' Università di Zurigo. Lugano, 1834." It has been again reprinted at Turin, in 1854, by Alessandro d'Ancona, together with some of Campanella's minor works and an essay on his life and writings. This third edition professes to have improved Orelli's punctuation and to have rectified the text. But it still leaves much to be desired on the score of careful editorship. Neither Orelli nor d' Ancona have done much to clear up the difficulties of the poems—difficulties in many cases obviously due to misprints and errors of the first transcriber; while in one or two instances they allow patent blunders to

pass uncorrected. In the sonnet entitled "A Dio" (D' Ancona, p. 102), for example, *bocca* stands for *buca* in a place where sense and rhyme alike demand the restitution of the right word. Speaking briefly, Campanella's poems, though they have been three times printed, have never yet received the care of a scrupulous editor.

At no time could the book have hoped for many readers. Least of all would it have found them among the Italians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to whom its energetic language and extraordinary ideas would have presented insuperable difficulties. Between Dante and Alfieri no Italian poet except Michael Angelo expressed so much deep thought and feeling in phrases so terse, and with originality of style so daring: and even Michael Angelo is monotonous in the range of his ideas and conventional in his diction, when compared with the indescribable violence and vigour of Campanella. Campanella borrows little by way of simile or illustration from the outer world, and he never falls into the commonplaces of poetic phraseology. His poems exhibit the exact opposite of the Petrarchistic or the Marinistic mannerism. Each sonnet seems to have been wrenched alive and palpitating from the poet's breast, with the drops of life-blood fresh upon it. There is no smoothness, no gradual unfolding of a theme, no rhetorical exposition, no fanciful embroidery, no sweetness of melodic cadences, in his masculine art of poetry. Brusque, rough, violent in transition, leaping from the sublime to the ridiculous—his poems owe their elevation to the passion of their feeling, the nobleness and condensation of their thought, the energy and audacity of their expression, their brevity, sincerity, and weight of sentiment. Campanella had an essentially combative intellect. He was both a poet and a philosopher militant. He stood alone, making war upon the authority of Aristotle in science and of Petrarch in art, taking the fortresses of phrase by storm, and subduing the hardest material of philosophy to the tyranny of his rhymes. Plebeian saws, salient images, dry sentences of metaphysical speculation, logical summaries, and splendid tirades are hurled together—half crude and cindery scoriae, half molten metal and resplendent ore—from the volcano of his passionate mind. Such being the nature of Campanella's style, when in addition it is remembered that his text is often hopelessly corrupt and his allusions obscure, the difficulties offered by his sonnets to the translator will be readily conceived.

Before presenting any specimens of Campanella's poems, it will be necessary to say something about his philosophy and his life. At the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, philosophy took a new point of departure among the Italians, and all the fundamental ideas which have formed the staple of modern European systems were anticipated by a few obscure thinkers. It is noticeable that the States of Naples, hitherto comparatively inert in the intellectual development of Italy, furnished the five writers who preceded Bacon, Leibnitz, Schelling, and Comte. Telesio of Cosenza, Bruno of Nola,

Campanella of Stilo, Vanini and Vico of Naples, are the chief among these *novi homines* or pioneers of modern thought. The characteristic point of this new philosophy was an unconditional return to Nature as the source of knowledge, combined with a belief in the intuitive forces of the human reason: so that from the first it showed two sides or faces to the world; the one positive, scientific, critical, and analytical; the other mystical, metaphysical, subjective. Modern materialism and modern idealism were both contained in the audacious guesses of Bruno and Campanella; nor had the time arrived for separating the two strains of thought, or for attempting a systematic synthesis of knowledge under one or the other head.

The men who led this mighty intellectual movement burned with the passionate ardour of discoverers, the fiery enthusiasm of confessors. They stood alone, sustained but little by intercourse among themselves, and wholly misunderstood by the people round them. Italy, sunk in sloth, priest-ridden, tyrant-ridden, exhausted with the unparalleled activity of the Renaissance, besotted with the vices of slavery and slow corruption, had no ears for spirit-thrilling prophecy. The Church, terrified by the Reformation, when she chanced to hear those strange voices sounding through "the blessed mutter of the mass," burned the prophets. The State, represented by absolute Spain, if it listened to them at all, flung them into prison. To both Church and State there was peril in the new philosophy; for the new philosophy was the first birth-cry of the modern genius, with all the crudity and clearness, the brutality and uncompromising sincerity of youth. The Church feared Nature. The State feared the People. Nature and the People—those watchwords of modern Science and modern Liberty—were already on the lips of the philosophers.

It was a philosophy militant, errant, exiled; a philosophy in chains and solitary, at war with society, authority, opinion; self-sustained by the prescience of ultimate triumph, and invincible through the sheer force of passionate conviction. The men of whom I speak were conscious of pariahdom, and eager to be martyred in the glorious cause. "A very Proteus is the philosopher," says Pomponazzo; "seeking to penetrate the secrets of God, he is consumed with ceaseless cares; he forgets to thirst, to hunger, to sleep, to eat; he is derided of all men; he is held for a fool and irreligious person; he is persecuted by inquisitors; he becomes a gazing-stock to the common folk. These are the gains of the philosopher; these are his guerdon." Pomponazzo's words were prophetic. Of the five philosophers whom I have mentioned, Vanini was burned as an atheist, Bruno was burned, and Campanella was imprisoned for a quarter of a century. Both Bruno and Campanella were Dominican friars. Bruno was persecuted by the Church, and burned for heresy. Campanella was persecuted by both Church and State, and was imprisoned on the double charge of sedition and heresy. *Dormitantiū animarū excubitor* was the self-given title of Bruno. *Nunquam tacebo* was the favourite motto of Campanella.

Giovanni Domenico Campanella was born in the year 1568 at Stilo in Calabria, one of the most southern townships of all Italy. In his boyhood he showed a remarkable faculty for acquiring and retaining knowledge, together with no small dialectical ability. His keen interest in philosophy and his admiration for the great Dominican doctors, Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus, induced him at the age of fifteen to enter the order of S. Dominic, exchanging his secular name for Tommaso. But the old alliance between philosophy and orthodoxy, drawn up by scholasticism and approved by the mediæval Church, had been succeeded by mutual hostility; and the youthful thinker found no favour in the cloister of Cosenza, where he now resided. The new philosophy taught by Telesius placed itself in direct antagonism to the pseudo-Aristotelian tenets of the theologians, and founded its own principles upon the Interrogation of Nature. Telesius, says Bacon, was the prince of the *novi homines*, or inaugurators of modern thought. It was natural that Campanella should be drawn towards this great man. But the superiors of his convent prevented his forming the acquaintance of Telesius; and though the two men dwelt in the same city of Cosenza, Campanella never knew the teacher he admired so passionately. Only when the old man died and his body was exposed in the church before burial, did the neophyte of his philosophy approach the bier, and pray beside it, and place poems upon the dead.

From this time forward Campanella became an object of suspicion to his brethren. They perceived that the fire of the new philosophy burned in his powerful nature with incalculable and explosive force. He moved restlessly from place to place, learning and discussing, drawing men towards him by the magnetism of a noble personality, and preaching his new gospel with perilous audacity. His papers were seized at Bologna; and at Rome the Holy Inquisition condemned him to perpetual incarceration on the ground that he derived his science from the devil, that he had written the book *De tribus Impostoribus*, that he was a follower of Democritus, and that his opposition to Aristotle savoured of gross heresy. At the same time, the Spanish Government of Naples accused him of having set on foot a dangerous conspiracy for overthrowing the viceregal power and establishing a communistic commonwealth in southern Italy. Though nothing was proved satisfactorily against him, Campanella was held a prisoner under the sentence which the Inquisition had pronounced upon him. He was, in fact, a man too dangerous, too original in his opinions, and too bold in their enunciation, to be at large. For twenty-five years he remained in Neapolitan dungeons; three times during that period he was tortured to the verge of dying; and at last he was released, while quite an old man, at the urgent request of the French Court. Soon after his liberation Campanella died. The numerous philosophical works on metaphysics, mathematics, politics, and æsthetics which Campanella gave to the press, were composed during his long imprisonment. How he got them printed I do not know; but it is obvious that

he cannot have been strictly debarred from writing by his jailors. In prison, too, he made both friends and converts. We have seen that we owe the publication of a portion of his poems to the visit of a German knight.

In arranging the few poems I have selected for translation, I cannot do better than divide them into four classes:—1. Philosophical; 2. Political; 3. Prophetic; and 4. Personal. The Philosophical sonnets throw light upon Campanella's relation to his predecessors, his conception of the universe as a complex animated organism, his conviction that true knowledge must be gained by the interrogation of Nature, his theory of human life and action, and his judgment of the age in which he lived. The Political sonnets may be divided into two groups—those which discuss royalty, nobility, and the sovereignty of the people, and those which treat of the several European States. The Prophetic sonnets seem to have been suggested by the misery and corruption of Italy, and express the poet's unwavering belief in the speedy triumph of right and reason. Among the Personal sonnets I have placed those which refer immediately to Campanella's own sufferings, or which describe his ideal of the philosophic character.

1. When Adami published his selection of Campanella's poems, he printed the sonnet which I shall quote first, as the Proem to the whole book. The thought expressed in it is this: the true philosopher, who in this place is Campanella himself, is the child of Eternal Wisdom, the father, and of human Science, the mother of his reason. True philosophy brings men face to face with Nature; wherefore Campanella bids his readers leave the schoolmen and the learning of books. He calls upon them to exchange logomachy for positive inquiry, dissolving their pride and prejudice in the heat of the fire, which he, a second Prometheus, has stolen from the luminary of all truth.

Born of God's Wisdom and Philosophy,
Keen lover of true beauty and true good,
I call the vain self-tormentor multitude
Back to my mother's milk; for it is she,
Faithful to God her Lord, who nourished me,
Making me quick and active to intrude
Within the inmost veil, where I have viewed
And handled all things in eternity.
If the whole world's our home where we may run,
Up, friends, forsake those secondary schools
Which give grains, units, inches for the whole!
If facts surpass mere words, melt pride of soul,
And pain, and ignorance that hardens fools,
Here in the fire I've stolen from the Sun!

The next I mean to quote is addressed to Telesius, the veteran of the new philosophy. The "tyrant of souls" is Aristotle, whose authority Telesius, like Bacon, sought to undermine. The saint of the new school is the science founded upon the immediate interrogation of Nature

by the senses. What the senses report, reason judges; and Nature, thus interrogated, utters through the voice of Science oracles that can be trusted.

Telesius, the arrow from thy bow
Midmost his band of sophists slays that high
Tyrant of souls that think; he cannot fly:
While Truth soars free, loosed by the self same blow.
Proud lyres with thine immortal praises glow,
Smitten by bards elate with victory:
Lo, thine own Cavalcante, stormfully
Lightning, still strikes the fortress of the foe!
Good Gaeta bedecks our saint serene
With robes translucent, light-irradiate,
Restoring her to all her natural sheen;
The while my tocsin at the temple-gate
Of the wide universe proclaims her queen,
Pythia of first and last ordained by fate.

In the third sonnet Campanella expands the ground-notion of the new philosophy. Nature lies before the mind of man like an open book, where God has written his thoughts. This book, then, should be studied, instead of the works of the schoolmen and the sophists.

The world's the book where the eternal Sense
Wrote his own thoughts; the living temple where,
Painting his very self, with figures fair
He filled the whole immense circumference.
Here then should each man read, and gazing find
Both how to live and govern, and beware
Of godlessness; and, seeing God all-where,
Be bold to grasp the universal mind.
But we tied down to books and temples dead,
Copied with countless errors from the life,—
These nobler than that school sublime we call.
O may our senseless souls at length be led
To truth by pain, grief, anguish, trouble, strife!
Turn we to read the one original!

Campanella conceived that the radical evils of the world are Tyranny in politics, Sophistry in philosophy, and Hypocrisy in religion. Ignorance, which has its root in self-love, lies at the bottom of all these vices, and must be fought to the death by the champion of Science.

To quell three Titan evils I was made,—
Tyranny, Sophistry, Hypocrisy;
Whence I perceive with what wise harmony
Themis on me Love, Power, and Wisdom laid.
These are the basements firm whereon is stayed,
Supreme and strong, our new philosophy;
The antidotes against that trinal lie
Wherewith the burdened world groaning is weighed.

Famine, war, pestilence, fraud, envy, pride,
 Injustice, idleness, lust, fury, fear,
 Beneath these three great plagues securely hide.
 Grounded on blind self-love, the offspring dear
 Of Ignorance, they flourish and abide :—
 Wherefore to root up Ignorance I'm here!

The theme of self-love is further developed in a sonnet, remarkable for its brevity and pregnant thought. Preoccupation with himself makes man fancy that the world is without thought and feeling, that his own race alone has received the care of God; from this he passes to the pride of impiety, and at last can see no other God in the world but himself. Heine might have quoted the last line against Hegel.

Self-love fools man with false opinion
 That earth, air, water, fire, the stars we see,
 Though stronger and more beautiful than we,
 Feel nought, love not, but move for us alone.
 Then all the tribes of earth except his own
 Seem to him senseless, rude—God lets them be:
 To kith and kin next shrinks his sympathy,
 Till in the end loves only self each one.
 Learning he shuns that he may live at ease;
 And since the world is little to his mind,
 God and God's ruling Forethought he denies.
 Craft he calls wisdom; and, perversely blind,
 Seeking to reign, erects new deities:
 At last "I make the Universe!" he cries.

Campanella's own conception of the earth as part of the universal *ζῷον*, or animated being, and of man as a minor parasitic creature, living on the world as lower creatures live on him, is contained in the sixth sonnet I have marked.

The world's a living creature, whole and great,
 God's image, praising God whose type it is;
 We are imperfect worms, vile families,
 That in its belly have our low estate.
 If we know not its love, its intellect,
 Neither the worm within my belly seeks
 To know me, but his petty mischief wreaks:—
 Thus it behoves us to be circumspect.
 Again, the earth is a great animal,
 Within the greatest; we are like the lice
 Upon its body, doing harm as they.
 Proud men, lift up your eyes; on you I call:
 Measure each being's worth; and thence be wise,
 Learning what part in the great scheme you play!

The seventh sets forth his profoundly religious fatalism. All things have been ordained by the Divine Wisdom, and all human lives have been written by God like parts in a play. At the end of the play we shall see

by gazing on God Himself which part was best; and we shall share the mirth which our past action caused for Him.

The world's a theatre: age after age,
Souls masked and muffled in their fleshly gear
Before the supreme audience appear,
As Nature, God's own art, appoints the stage.
Each plays the part that is his heritage;
From choir to choir they pass, from sphere to sphere,
And deck themselves with joy or sorry cheer,
As fate the comic playwright fills the page.
None do or suffer, be they cursed or blest,
Aught otherwise than the great Wisdom wrote
To gladden each and all who gave Him mirth,
When we at last to sea or air or earth
Yielding these masks that weal or woe denote,
In God shall see who spoke and acted best.

Campanella frequently recurs to the conception of the Universe regarded as a drama, in which good and evil are both necessary, and will in the end be found far other than our present imperfect insight makes us think. In the following passage from one of his Canzoni he illustrates the difference between evil relative to the world at large and the same evil relative to us.

War, ignorance, fraud, tyranny,
Death, homicide, abortion, woe—
These to the world are fair; as we
Reckon the chase or gladiatorial show.
To pile our hearth we fell the tree;
Kill bird or beast our strength to stay;
The vines, the hives our wants obey;—
Like spiders spreading nets, we take and slay.
As tragedy gives men delight,
So the exchange of death and strife
Still yields a pleasure infinite
To the great world's triumphant life:
Nay, seeming ugliness and pain
Avert returning Chaos' reign.—
Thus the whole world's a comedy;
And they who by philosophy
Unite themselves to God, will see
In ugliness and evil nought
But beauteous masks:—oh, mirthful thought!

2. Passing to those sonnets which contain Campanella's political theories, I will begin with two upon the conception of royalty as independent both of birth and accident. The first lays down the principle that just as the implements of painting do not make an artist, so the possession of lands and states do not make a royal nature.

He who hath brush and colours, and chance-wise
Doth daub, befouling walls and canvases,

Is not a painter; but, unhelped by these,
 He who in art is masterful and wise.
 Cows and the tonsure do not make a friar;
 Nor make a king wide realms and pompous wars;
 But he who is all Jesus, Pallas, Mars,
 Though he be slave or base-born, wears the tiar.
 Man is not born crowned like the natural king
 Of beasts, for beasts by this investiture
 Have need to know the head they must obey;
 Wherefore a commonwealth fits men, I say,
 Or else a prince whose worth is tried and sure,
 Not proved by sloth or false imagining.

The second illustrates the same subject with examples, showing how accident makes mock-kings and nature real ones; and how the bastard breed of tyrants persecutes the royal spirits, but cannot prevent their empire over the souls of men.

Nero was king by accident in show,
 But Socrates by nature in good sooth;
 By right of both Augustus; luck and truth
 Less perfectly were blent in Scipio.
 The spurious prince still seeks to extirpate
 The seed of natures born imperial—
 Like Herod, Caiaphas, Meletus, all
 Who by bad acts sustain their stolen state.
 Slaves whose souls tell them that they are but slaves,
 Strike those whose native kingdom all can see:—
 Martyrdom is the stamp of royalty.
 Dead though they be, these govern from their graves:
 The tyrants fall, nor can their laws remain;
 While Paul and Peter rise o'er Rome to reign.

The next sonnet expresses a similar doctrine concerning nobility. Wealth and blood do not constitute true aristocracy. That should always be tested by courage and prudence. The allusion to the Turk, the foe of Europe, is curious. Campanella says the Turks are wiser than the European princes, since they honour men according to their deeds, and not according to their birth or riches:

Valour and mind form real nobility,
 The which bears fruit and shows a fair increase
 By doughty actions: these and nought but these
 Confer true patents of gentility.
 Money is false and light unless it be
 Bought by a man's own worthy qualities;
 And blood is such that its corrupt disease
 And ignorant pretence are foul to see.
 Honours that ought to yield more true a type,
 Europe, thou measurest by fortune still,
 To thy great hurt; and this thy foe perceives:
 He rates the tree by fruits mature and ripe,
 Not by mere shadows, roots, and verdant leaves:—
 Why then neglect so grave a cause of ill?

The whole of Campanella's original and daring genius shines forth in the next sonnet, which treats of the sovereignty of the people. Shelley might have written it, so modern and so democratic is the thought.

The people is a beast of muddy brain,
That knows not its own force, and therefore stands
Loaded with wood and stone; the powerless hands
Of a mere child guide it with bit and rein:
One kick would be enough to break the chain;
But the beast fears, and what the child demands,
It does; nor its own terror understands,
Confused and stupefied by huge bears vain.
Most wonderful! with its own hand it ties
And gags itself, gives itself death and war
For pence doled out by kings from its own store.
Its own are all things between earth and heaven;
But this it knows not, and if one arise
To tell this truth, it kills him unforgiven.

After reading these lines we do not wonder that the Spanish viceroy thought Campanella dangerous to established monarchy.

As specimens of Campanella's opinions about contemporary politics, I may insert two sonnets upon the Swiss Confederation and Genoa. The drift of the first is that, though the Swiss are a race of natural freemen, they sell themselves for hire, and so become the slaves of despots who scorn them.

Ye Alpine rocks! If less your peaks elate
To heaven exalt you than that gift divine,
Freedom; why do your children still combine
To keep the despots in their stolen state?
Lo, for a piece of bread from windows wide
You fling your blood, taking no thought what cause,
Righteous or wrong, your strength to battle draws;
So is your valour spurned and vilified.
All things belong to free men; but the slave
Clothes and feeds poorly. Even so from you
Broad lands and Malta's knighthood men withhold.
Up, free yourselves, and act as heroes do!
Go, take your own from tyrants, which you gave
So recklessly, and they so dear have sold!

It would be impossible to pass a clearer-sighted judgment on the barbarous action of the Swiss during the sixteenth century.

The second follows the same train of thought. In elder days Genoa by her courage and spirit of adventure held the East in fee, stood first in Italy, and discovered new worlds. Now she bows to the Spaniard, not because her people is enfeebled, but because her nobility is pusillanimous.

The nymphs of Arno; Adria's goddess-queen;
Greece, where the Latin banner floated free;
The lands that border on the Syrian sea;
The Euxine, and fair Naples; these have been
Thine, by the right of conquest; these should be
Still thine by empire: Asia's broad demesne,

Afric, America—realms never seen
 But by thy venture—all belong to thee.
 But thou, thyself not knowing, leavest all
 For a poor price to strangers; since thy head
 Is weak, albeit thy limbs are stout and good.
 Genoa, mistress of the world! recall
 Thy soul magnanimous! Nay, be not led
 Slave to base gold, thou and thy tameless brood!

3. The transition from Campanella's poems on politics to his prophecy is easy. Here is a very curious sonnet, in which he observes that the black clothes assumed by the Italians under the influence of Spanish fashions suited the corrupt, enslaved, and mournful state of the nation.

Black robes befit our age. Once they were white;
 Next many-hued; now dark as Afric's Moor,
 Night-black, infernal, traitorous, obscure,
 Horrid with ignorance and sick with fright.
 For very shame we shun all colours bright,
 Who mourn our end—the tyrants we endure,
 The chains, the noose, the lead, the snares, the lure—
 Our dismal heroes, our souls sunk in night.
 Black weeds again denote that extreme folly
 Which makes us blind, mournful, and woe-begone:
 For dusk is dear to doleful melancholy.
 Nathless fate's wheel still turns: this raiment dun
 We shall exchange hereafter for the holy
 Garments of white in which of yore we shone.

The next is a prophecy of the new age, when Christ shall return to reign in peace upon the earth, and when black clothes shall be exchanged for white. It is probable that Campanella was not looking for the millennium in the vulgar sense of the word. Christ was for him always the symbol of right reason and real virtue.

Clothed in white robes I see the Holy Sire
 Descend to hold his court amid the band
 Of shining saints and elders: at his hand
 The white immortal Lamb commands their choir.
 John ends his long lament for torments dire,
 Now Judah's lion rises to expand
 The fatal book, and the first broken band
 Sends the white courier forth to work God's ire.
 The first fair spirits raimented in white
 Go out to meet him who on his white cloud
 Comes heralded by horsemen white as snow.
 Ye black-stoled folk, be dumb, who hate the loud
 Blare of God's lifted angel-trumpets! Lo,
 The pure white dove puts the black crows to flight!

In spite of persecution, torture, and lifelong imprisonment, Campanella never lost his faith and hope—faith in the ultimate triumph of righteousness and justice, hope that even he might live to see it. In the

following sonnet he declares his belief that the sophists, tyrants, and hypocrites must in course of time be banished, and the world regain the golden age through communism and brotherly affection.

If men were happy in that age of gold,
 We yet may hope to see mild Saturn's reign;
 For all things that were buried live again,
 By time's revolving cycle forward rolled.
 Yet this the fox, the wolf, the crow, made bold
 By fraud and perfidy, deny—in vain:
 For God that rules, the signs in heaven, the train
 Of prophets, and all hearts this faith uphold.
 If thine and mine were banished in good sooth—
 From honour, pleasure, and utility,
 The world would turn, I ween, to Paradise;
 Blind love to modest love with open eyes;
 Cunning and ignorance to living truth;
 And foul oppression to fraternity.

The belief that this glorious consummation was not far distant is energetically expressed in a sonnet written in answer to certain friends who had recommended him to try his hand at comic poetry.

Nay, God forbid that mid these tragic throes
 To idle comedy my thought should bend,
 When torments dire and warning woes portend
 Of this our world the instantaneous close!
 The day approaches which shall discompose
 All earthly sects, the elements shall blend
 In utter ruin, and with joy shall send
 Just spirits to their spheres in heaven's repose.
 The Highest comes in Holy Land to hold
 His sovran court and synod sanctified,
 As all the psalms and prophets have foretold:
 The riches of his grace He will spread wide
 Through his own realm, that seat and chosen fold
 Of worship and free mercies multiplied.

It is probable that the majority of the Prophetic poems were written in his youth, about the time when he attracted the suspicions of the Spanish government in Naples. The following sonnet, at any rate, must have been composed before 1603, since it foretells a great mutation which he expected in that year.

The first heaven-wandering lights I see ascend
 Upon the seventh and ninth centenary,
 When in the Archer's realm three years shall be
 Added, this æon and our age to end.
 Thou too, Mercurius, like a scribe dost lend
 Thine aid to promulgate that dread decree,
 Stored in the archives of eternity,
 And signed and sealed by powers no prayers can bend.

O'er Europe's full meridian on thy morn
 In the tenth house thy court I see thee hold :
 The Sun with thee consents in Capricorn.
 God grant that I may keep this mortal breath
 Until I too that glorious day behold
 Which shall at last confound the sons of death!

I have translated the astrological portion of this sonnet as literally as I could. Campanella's conviction that each part of the universe was endowed with sensibility and reason, and that the stars had more of divinity than we have, rendered him peculiarly open to astrological illusions.

4. I have left for the last those sonnets which describe Campanella's sufferings in prison. We have seen that he was wont to compare himself to Prometheus, and he called his dungeon by the name of Caucasus. Here is one of which the title—"Sonetto nel Caucaso"—tells its own tale. The philosopher rejects suicide, because he does not believe in escaping from himself by death.

I fear that by my death the human race
 Would gain no vantage. Thus I do not die.
 So wide is this vast cage of misery
 That flight and change lead to no happier place.
 Shifting our pains, we risk a sorrier case :
 All worlds, like ours, are sunk in agony :
 Go where we will, we feel ; and this my cry
 I may forget like many an old disgrace.
 Who knows what doom is mine ? The Omnipotent
 Keeps silence ; nay, I know not whether strife
 Or peace was with me in some earlier life.
 Philip in a worse prison me hath pent
 These three days past—but not without God's will.
 Stay we as God decrees : God doth no ill.

Here is another sonnet on the theme of his imprisonment. The seekers after truth find a dungeon as naturally as stones fall to earth, or mice run into the cat's mouth.

As to the centre all things that have weight
 Sink from the surface : as the silly mouse
 Runs at a venture, rash though timorous,
 Into the monster's jaws to meet her fate :
 Thus all who love high Science, from the strait
 Dead sea of Sophistry sailing like us
 Into Truth's ocean, bold and amorous,
 Must in our haven anchor soon or late.
 One calls this haunt a Cave of Polypheme,
 And one Atlante's Palace, one of Crete
 The Labyrinth, and one Hell's lowest pit.
 Knowledge, grace, mercy are an idle dream
 In this dread place. Nought but fear dwells in it,
 Of stealthy Tyranny the sacred seat.

The next sonnet dates probably from the early days of his imprisonment, when he discovered the incompetence or the baseness of the friends in whom he trusted, and when he had been tempted by the promises of an impostor. It is addressed to God.

How wilt Thou I should gain a harbour fair,
 If after proof among my friends I find
 That some are faithless, some devoid of mind,
 Some short of sense, though stout to do and dare?
 If some, though wise and loyal, like the hare
 Hide in a hole, or fly in terror blind,
 While nerve with wisdom and with faith combined
 Through malice and through penury despair?
 Reason, thy honour, and my weal eachew'd
 That false ally who said he came from Thee,
 With promise vain of power and liberty.
 I trust:—I'll do. Change Thou the bad to good!
 But ere I raise me to that altitude,
 Needs must I merge in Thee as Thou in me.

Who the impostor was who came to tempt him we do not know. It is possible that his enemies sent this mysterious person as a spy to extract his supposed secrets from him. The three last lines of the sonnet are obscure. They seem to mean that Campanella has not lost faith and self-confidence. All he requires is that the human instruments of his great work should not break in his hand. If God will give him true allies instead of covert enemies, he will be able to act, having attempted to cast himself into the Divine Nature, even as God dwells in us and penetrates us with his spirit.

His conception of the philosopher as a sufferer and yet as royal, doomed to endure pain and scorn in this life, but destined to enjoy eternal fame, and in the midst of wretchedness more happy than the common crowd of fools, is very finely expressed in these lines.

Wisdom is riches great and great estate,
 Far above wealth; nor are the wise unblest
 If born of lineage vile or race oppressed:
 These by their doom sublime they illustrate.
 They have their griefs for guerdon, to dilate
 Their name and glory; nay, the cross, the sword
 Make them to be like saints or God adored;
 And gladness greets them in the frowns of fate:
 For joys and sorrows are their dear delight;—
 Even as a lover takes the weal and woe
 Felt for his lady. Such is wisdom's might.
 But wealth still vexes fools; more vile they grow
 By being noble; and their luckless light
 With each new misadventure burns more low.

There is an excellent vein of humour in the next sonnet, which de-

scribes the relation of the wise men to the rest of the world in a well-conceived apologue.

Once on a time the astronomers foresaw
 The coming of a star to madden men :
 Thus warned they fled the land, thinking that when
 The folk were crazed, they'd hold the reins of law.
 When they returned the realm to overawe,
 They prayed those maniacs to quit cave and den,
 And use their old good customs once again ;
 But these made answer with fist, tooth, and claw ;
 So that the wise men were obliged to rule
 Themselves like lunatics to shun grim death,
 Seeing the biggest maniac now was king.
 Stifling their sense, they lived aping the fool,
 In public praising act and word and thing
 Just as the whims of madmen swayed their breath.

The last of the personal poems I have marked for quotation refers to an obscure passage in Campanella's biography. Condemned to the galleys, he feigned madness in order to escape that dreadful doom. He here justifies his conduct by citing the great men of history who did the like, or who committed suicide. The Italian, which I have rendered by the Mystic, is *l'Astratto*. I am not sure whether the word does not rather mean a man lost to his senses.

From Rome to Greece, from Greece to Libya's sand,
 Yearning for liberty, just Cato went ;
 Nor finding freedom to his heart's content,
 Sought it in death, and died by his own hand.
 Wise Hannibal, when neither sea nor land
 Could save him from the Roman eagles, rent
 His soul with poison from imprisonment ;
 And a snake's tooth cut Cleopatra's band.
 In this way died one valiant Maccabee ;
 Brutus feigned madness ; prudent Solon hid
 His sense ; and David, when he feared Gath's king.
 Thus when the Mystic found that Jonah's sea
 Was yawning to engulf him, what he did
 He gave to God—a wise man's offering.

I have reserved the following three sonnets, which do not fall exactly into any of the four divisions adopted in this article, but which are eminently characteristic of Campanella's bold and original thought. The first is such an adaptation of the parable about the Samaritan as might have occurred to Clough.

From Rome to Ostia a poor man went ;
 Thieves robbed and wounded him upon the way :
 Some monks, great saints, observed him where he lay,
 And left him, on their breviaries intent.
 A Bishop passed thereby, and careless bent
 To sign the cross, a blessing brief to say ;

But a great Cardinal, to clutch their prey,
 Followed the thieves, falsely benevolent.
 At last there came a German Lutheran,
 Who builds on faith, merit of works withstands;
 He raised and clothed and healed the dying man.
 Now which of these was worthiest, most humane?
 The heart is better than the head, kind hands
 Than cold lip-service; faith without works is vain.

The second gives Campanella's opinion about the low state of Italian literature. English students, comparing the chivalrous romances of the Italians with the high theme chosen by our Milton, and their comedies with our Elizabethan drama, will feel that the philosopher of Stilo has not used too strong a language of invective.

Valour to pride hath turned; grave holiness
 To vile hypocrisy; all gentle ways
 To empty forms; sound sense to subtleties;
 Pure love to heat; beauty to paint and dress:
 Thanks to you, Poets! you who sing the press
 Of fabled knights, foul fires, lies, nullities;
 Not virtue, nor the wrapped sublimities
 Of God, as bards were wont in those old days.
 How far more wondrous than your phantasies
 Are Nature's works, how far more sweet to sing!
 Thus taught, the soul falsehood and truth describes.
 That tale alone is worth the pondering,
 Which hath not smothered history in lies,
 And arms the soul against each sinful thing.

The third is addressed to a young German knight, Rudolph von Bünau, who travelled in the company of Adami and visited Campanella in his prison. His name is Italianised into Ridolfo di Bina—

Wisdom and love, O Bina, gave thee wings,
 Before the blossom of thy years had faded,
 To fly with Adam for thy guide, God-aided,
 Through many lands in divers journeyings.
 Pure virtue is thy guerdon: virtue brings
 Glory to thee, death to the foes degraded,
 Who through long years of darkness have invaded
 Thy Germany, mother of slaves not kings.
 Yet, gazing on heaven's book, heroic child,
 My soul discerns graces divine in thee:—
 Leave toys and playthings to the crowd of fools!
 Do thou with heart fervent and proudly mild
 Make war upon those fraud-engendering schools!
 I see thee victor, and in God I see.

The translations I have now offered to English readers present but a poor likeness of Campanella's rough but energetic and often splendidly impassioned style. It is my hope before long to complete a version of his sonnets, and to print them with such explanations as an unavoidable

absence from all libraries or centres of literature will suffer me to make. For students of the Italian genius he has an almost unique interest, not only as the precursor of modern modes of thought, but also as the only poet who, in an age of enervation and effeminacy, preserved a manliness of speech and sentiment worthy of Dante's heroic century.

Here then for the moment I leave Campanella. But before laying down my pen, I must quote the only poetical utterance of the seventeenth century in Italy, which can be at all compared with his verse. The sonnet is commonly attributed to Bruno. It occurs in his dialogue on the Heroic Love, and is there placed in the mouth of Tansillo, who is probably the real author. Nowhere has the rapture, the daring, and the danger of the poet-philosopher's flight into super-terrestrial regions of pure thought been described with fervour more intense, and with a feeling for spiritual beauty more impassioned. The spirit of the martyr-sages of South Italy vibrates in its thrilling lines.

Now that these wings to speed my soul ascend,
The more I feel vast air beneath my feet,
The more toward boundless air on pinions fleet,
Spurning the earth, soaring to heaven, I tend :
Nor makes them stoop their flight the direful end
Of Daedal's son ; but upward still they beat.
What life the while with my life can compete,
Though dead to earth at last I shall descend ?

My own heart's voice in the void air I hear :

"Where wilt thou bear me, O rash man ? Recall

"Thy daring will ! This boldness waits on fear !"

"Dread not," I answer, "that tremendous fall !

"Strike through the clouds, and smile when death is near,

"If death so glorious be our doom at all !"

J. A. S.

The Czar's Clemency ; a Polish Priest's Story.

I.

THE Governor of the district of Podlaquia sent for me and said in French "Casimir Barinski has been pardoned, and will return from Siberia to-day. He is to reside in this town of Dolw. I rely upon you to impress on him that he must show himself deserving of the Czar's clemency by the most scrupulous loyalty henceforth."

I bowed humbly and retired.

So many Poles from the district of Podlaquia were transported after the rebellion of 1863-4 that nine persons out of ten might not have remembered who Casimir Barinski was ; but I knew very well. I am the priest of the town of Dolw, which has but one Catholic parish, a great number of the population being Jews ; and I keep a register, in which I have entered the names and alleged crimes of those among my parishioners who have suffered for our national cause. The police, who pay me frequent domiciliary visits, have asked more than once what I mean by keeping this register ; but I have always answered that, in the event of his Majesty deigning to pardon any of the misguided men or women who joined in the Civil War, it is good that I should preserve some record of their individual offences, so as to caution them against relapsing into the same on their return. I have also had the honour of explaining to the chief of the police that the notes, which I have preserved as to the characters of the offenders, would enable me to address each with the words of admonition best suited to him.

The police, seeing how very unfavourable are all these character notes, have been satisfied till now ; but I think they would be less pleased could they guess that every censorious epithet bears in my eyes a contrary sense, and that by certain cryptographic signs of my own, such as the shape of capital letters and the position of commas, I am able to reconstruct at a glance the true and private history of the exiles, whom my entries appear one and all to condemn.

Thus, I consulted my register on getting home, and found by a large looped *k* in Casimir Barinski's name that he had done nothing whatever worthy of punishment ; the words *quarrelsome* and *disingenuous* reminded me at the same time of his courage and candour. He was barely twenty when exiled in 1863, along with his father and three brothers, who had all died since, as I heard, in the mines of Oural. His mother was dead likewise, and his only sister, Eveline, was married and

settled in France. Every one knows that the Barinskis have been from father to son staunch patriots ; and I have no doubt that, if the occasion had offered, Casimir would have drawn his sword for Poland, as others of his family did ; but it happened that the insurrection had not yet spread to Dolw when the father and his sons were all arrested one night and sent away to Siberia, without even the form of a trial. Such proceedings were not exceptional in those days. The denunciation of a spy was enough ; and a semicolon apprised me that the spy who had betrayed the Barinskis was Countess Paulina Marienha, who still resides in our town.

I stood pensively looking at the semicolon for nearly half an hour, then closed the register, and went out to pay a visit to the Countess Marienha.

She was at home in her large old mansion of the Artillery Square. Her maid, the red-haired Jewess, Rebecca, conducted me to her boudoir, and I found her deep in her favourite occupation of drinking Caravan tea, and telling her own fortune with a pack of cards. She had just turned up the knave of hearts when I entered.

Paulina Marienha was close upon forty, but could have passed herself off for thirty, and I believe did. The proverbial beauty of Polish women was all hers ; with her dark hair, large eyes, lithe figure, and dazzling complexion, she quite realised the Lithuanian poet's description of his countrywomen : " Frisky as kittens, white as cream, under their black eyelashes their eyes sparkle like stars." I have never known any woman exercise such fascination on those who approached her, so that even I, her confessor, found that the sins which she avowed to me had not such a bad appearance as the sins of other people. She had coaxing ways and a childlike manner of pouting, by placing her hands before her face and crying real tears when rebuked, the which made me often wonder whether she was as conscious as ordinary grown-up persons of the enormity of the things which she did. Her laugh was as seductive as her weeping ; and, notwithstanding that she was so near middle age, there was not a wrinkle on her white brow, though God and I knew too well what deep lines would have been imprinted there if the fearful secrets of her heart had each left a mark.

Rebecca, the Jewess, placed my shovel-hat on a chiffonnière and brought me a cup ; then left us. When I was alone with the Countess, who was wrapped up in a pale blue satin dressing-gown, and had a number of jewelled rings on her finger, I said to her :—

" Paulina, Casimir Barinski has been pardoned and is coming back."

" That is my knave of hearts," she answered, pointing to her cards ; " I knew it announced a fair stranger."

" Casimir has been in exile thirteen years, and those years count double."

" Poor fellow ! but a man is still young at thirty-three."

" If Casimir should still be young in heart, if he should still feel for you as he once did, you must not trifle with him as you did last time, eh ?"

"What an idea, father!" And she laughed with the coquetry of a girl of eighteen. "Who would fall in love with an old woman of my age!"

"Paulina," I said, with more sadness than severity, "not one of the patriot Poles, save myself, whose lips are sealed, knows of the treacherous part you played towards our countrymen. You are respected as one of the mainstays of our cause; you give alms and are beloved; and yet it was you who sent those Barinskis, with numerous others, into exile."

"Well, I confessed it to you, and you gave me absolution," she replied, preparing to pout. "You have no right to reproach me with an old story now."

"I do not reproach you, but being ignorant how far you are dealing faithfully with us now, I appeal to you not to do the same thing again. Casimir's only crime was that he made love to you at a time when you were flirting with some one whom you liked better."

"He plagued me with his outbursts of jealousy," she said, assuming her plaintive tone. "As to doing the same thing again, why should you deem me capable of it? Do not I attend your confessional every week, and tell you the smallest of my sins?"

"Alas! it is the smallness of your sins, Paulina, which makes me fear that you have some other private confessor to whom you retail the big ones," said I, stirring my tea, with a sigh, for I knew the duplicity of women. At this I noticed that she changed colour, but she laughed at the same moment, and asked where I could have learned of such tricks? "Is it possible that some women can split their confessions into halves, and divide them between two priests?" she said.

"Yes, and I believe that is your case," I replied, sternly. "Will you look in my eyes and affirm it is not so?"

"Oh, I will look into your eyes for a whole hour," she ejaculated, opening wide her eyeballs as they do to amuse children. "I am a better penitent than you think, father. There is not a naughty thing I do but you hear of it. However, if you find my sins too small I can make them larger."

I chid her for this profanity, and we talked for a while of other things; then I left her. But was not without misgivings.

Paulina Marienha had no religion, but she was superstitious as an old peasant-woman. I believe she imagined herself adroit enough to throw dust into the eyes of the saints and get into heaven under cover of her mere good works. What with her prayers and alms, the votive-tapers she burned, and the fine gifts she made to adorn our Lady-altar, the account of her benefactions exceeded that of most pious Christians: and she alluded to this fact with the utmost complacency, as though the doors of Paradise could never be decently closed to one who had laid up so much treasure there as she. I am afraid that she never scrupled to tell untruths, but she would not have let a week pass without confessing these falsehoods to some priest in order to get absolved from them.

I have observed that women who habitually resort to confession are much more liable to commit atrocities than others. They look upon their shrift as a wiping off of all old scores, and a licence to begin sinning afresh. I have heard a peasant-woman threaten to poison her husband, adding that when he was safe underground she would make her confession, do a penance of long prayers, and then live with a conscience clear, owing to absolution. Paulina Marienha was a Catholic who would have considered herself quit of any crime on the same terms. She had once poured out her whole soul to me, but finding me firm in the doctrine that Divine pardon can only be earned by a true repentance as shown in altered modes of life, she grew reticent, and from that day forth began to confess to me only trifles, which it was a trouble to listen to with patience. Evidently she told me many untruths in answer to the searching questions I put her : but what could a few falsehoods more or less signify to a woman who would relieve herself by repairing to the confessional of some obscure village priest, to whom she was unknown, and, after telling him things to make his hair stand on end, purchase absolution by a donation which led him to believe in the fervour of her charity ? There are many good men among my country brethren who would not have absolved Paulina Marienha if they had known her as I did, but one cannot marvel that simple-minded ministers should often have been deceived by the well-dressed lady who would kneel and weep by the hour until forgiven. Besides, there may have been some of the poorer ones who truly thought that her gifts atoned for a great deal.

Two days after my conversation with the Countess, I was saying early mass in our church of St. Stanislas, when a tall man, in furred boots, walked up the nave and knelt reverently near the chancel rail. I recognised him at a glance for Casimir Barinski.

There was never such a handsome family in Dolw as the Barinskis. The men looked proud and bold, though gentle as women ; and the women had the high spirit and courage of their brothers. But if I had not known that Casimir was coming back I might have gazed twice before guessing which one of the family this was, for he had aged so as to be the image of the dead father. His brown beard was streaked with grey, his shoulders stooped, and his eyes were cavernous, with the melancholy of long-suffering. He cast a mild glance at me, and our eyes met as I faced my scanty congregation, chiefly composed of women, and said, "*Dominus vobiscum.*"

I could not help hurrying a little through the service, for my heart beat as fast as my lips moved, and as I passed down the chancel I beckoned to Casimir to follow me. As soon as we were in the sacristy we fell into each other's arms, and I held him to me as if I had found a lost son.

"Father, father," he sobbed. "I thought I should never see any of you again."

"God is good, my son," I said, wiping my eyes. "And your brothers, your father? is it true that——?"

"Yes, they are dead," he replied, with calm sorrow. "You did hear of it, then?"

"Alas! yes, but the news that comes from Siberia is so uncertain that I thought there might be hope."

"They died of privations and of grief, father; I wonder how I survived them."

"Heaven be praised that you did; and you are strong and well?"

"With such strength and health as you see," he answered, pointing to his grizzling beard, which in the dim light of the sacristy looked greyer than in the church.

We said nothing more then because of my sacristan, who came in. Nicholas Levitski, a conceited Jew, was a man in whose presence it was well to hold one's peace, for, without transgressing charity, I may say that words which dropped into his ears were not lost. He smiled with unctuous humility, and walked round Casimir as if smelling him, like a watch dog does a stranger.

"You will come and breakfast with me?" I said to Casimir, and I had soon removed my chasuble and surplice: then I opened the door, and we stepped across the street to my small presbytery. I promise you that I embraced the poor boy again when I was out of Nicholas Levitski's sight. I made him sit down by the glazed stove in the dining room and called to my old servant, Elizabeth, to prepare us the best meal she could.

Elizabeth was apt to grumble when I brought home a guest without having forewarned her, so, before obeying me, she came in to take a peep at the stranger. But when I had pronounced Casimir Barinski's name, she knelt down at his feet, as the women always do before a returned exile, and asked him his blessing as if he had come back from the dead. He made the sign of the cross upon her forehead, and simply said, "God prosper all such of thy wishes as are good!" Thereon Elizabeth, who was crying, went off to the butcher's to fetch some veal chops: the worthy soul would have gone barefoot to market through the snow to feed an exile. As for me I uncorked a bottle of white Crimean wine, and, while we were waiting breakfast, sought to draw from Casimir an account of the things he had suffered. He answered obligingly, but I soon saw that his reminiscences distressed him. He was not like a traveller who returns from a far country, and is happy to astonish people with his marvellous adventures; if I wrote down but a part of what he told me, you would understand that thirteen years of such things as he endured are more gladly forgotten than recounted, even to a friend whose questions are not prompted by idle curiosity. I am too old a man not to know that at Casimir's age it is more natural to look forward than behind, so I ended by asking him what he was going to do now?

"Why, I shall marry my pretty Ioulka (Juliet) Zeziöff," he said,

brightening, and as though alluding to an affair settled long ago. "Where is the betrothed who has ever remained so faithful as she has to me?"

"Do you mean the late Dr. Zezioff's daughter?" I asked, astonished. "I was not even aware that she knew you."

"Ah, she has kept her secret then!" he said with a smiling face. "Why, she cut her hair off on the day I went away, and she has worn it short till now. She was seventeen then, and thirteen years have passed since then, but they have not rendered her less fair or tender."

"And did you love Ioulka before you went away, Casimir?"

"She loved me, and I love her now. I have done so ever since I thought upon her in my exile, and reflected how blind I had been not to accept the child-heart that was offered me. But it was generous of her to guess that I should repent, wasn't it? and to remain faithful to me exactly as if we had plighted our troths?"

"Does Ioulka's mother approve this match?"

"She approves it, and encouraged Ioulka's fidelity. To-day she placed her daughter's hand in mine, and she says it is owing to her prayers and Ioulka's that Heaven sent me back."

It was as though a great weight had been lifted off my heart when I heard that Casimir Barinski was to marry Ioulka Zezioff, one of the most pious and sensible girls in our town. His life would not be purposeless now, and there was no danger of his falling into trouble with such a good young creature for his wife. My only wonder was that neither Ioulka nor her mother, who were good friends of mine, had ever breathed a word about the engagement; but to be sure, those who remain faithful to Siberian exiles are like those who are wedded to the memory of the dead, and they cherish their love in silence. I had so little hope that Casimir would ever return, that I might have been the first to dissuade Ioulka from wasting her youth in waiting for him.

Now, however, I told Casimir that I trusted he would call upon me to solemnize his marriage as soon as possible; and thereupon we sat down to the real chops and fried ham which Elizabeth had prepared. I was glad to see Casimir eat with a good appetite, but he was so thorough a gentleman that he may have done this out of politeness to me, his host. While we ate he inquired as to what changes had taken place in the town during his absence, and I could only give him a poor account of the lives we led under the harrows of our oppressors. Elizabeth too lifted up her voice, so that I was obliged to check her, for women's tongues often carry them too far.

One point, nevertheless, pre-occupied me greatly; and when, breakfast being over, Casimir and I drew our chairs near the stove to drink our black coffee and smoke a pipe, I asked him whether he knew through whose intercession he had obtained his pardon?

He shook his head.

"I have not the least idea. Thousands of others who are more inno-

cent than I will remain in Siberia all their lives. I thought you might know more about it than I."

"If I were speaking to any other but a Barinski," said I, "I might suppose that persecution had shaken your fidelity to our cause, as it has in other cases where the flesh is weak; but I know you too well to think you would crave a pardon by recanting. Have you any friends at court?"

"None that I know of," he replied, "and far from recanting I was often too outspoken in my loathing of Russian barbarity. I expect the Chief Inspector told me the truth when he said it was my poems that had procured me the pardon I never deigned to seek."

"Your poems, Casimir? Have you turned poet then?"

"A man must do something in those long Siberian evenings, which are eighteen hours long," he answered, with a smile and a slight blush. "I wrote some verses which the exiles repeated over their winter fires, and after I had been ten years at Irmsk, many of them had become familiar in the mouths of the colonists. One day when the Chief Inspector came on his half-yearly rounds, he alluded to these poems and asked whether I would give him copies of them. I did so, for there was no reason to refuse."

"Were they patriotic poems? Was there politics in them?"

"Oh no, they were ballads and sonnets such as the peasants in Lithuania and Ukraine might sing in wedding feasts, or drone at funeral wakes. As I had composed them amid perennial snows I entitled them collectively *Snow Flakes*. They were enough to make a small volume."

"Which has been published?"

"So it seems, but not with my name to it, or with my leave. Three years passed after I had seen the Chief Inspector, and then he came again (it was not always the same man who came). 'I have had your verses printed,' said he; 'here are a thousand roubles as the price of the copyright, and the Emperor's pardon along with them.' I thought he was joking, but next morning the escort arrived to take me away in the sledges, and here I am."

I made no immediate answer, for I was plunged in deep thought. I remembered having seen on Countess Marienha's table a small volume with the title *Snow Flakes*, and I felt a presentiment that it must be she who had applied for Casimir's pardon. But if my suspicions were correct, and if Paulina had influence enough to bring back a proscript from Siberia, then it was evident that she must still be in the pay of the Imperial Police, and her treacherous friendship might be as dangerous to Casimir now as it had been of yore. I stood in woful straits, for I could not warn Casimir to stand aloof from a lady who enjoyed the respect of the Poles, and upon whom he would be sure to call as a matter of duty. All I knew to Paulina's disadvantage had been told me by herself in the confessional, and if I had divulged a word of it, I must have betrayed the most sacred trust of my ministry.

I could only rejoice that neither by word nor sign did Casimir give any indication of remembering the boyish passion which had brought him such cruel hardships. He did not once pronounce Paulina's name while we sat together.

II.

It is not all to give an exile his pardon: one must afford him some means of living, and this the Russian Government neglects to do. It also throws many obstacles in the way of a Pole's earning his bread as he best can.

The property of the Barinskis had been confiscated: not only their lands, but their personalities, even to the wine in their cellars, had been seized; and Casimir had to begin life afresh with the thousand roubles which a publisher had paid for his poems. He had been educated like a nobleman,—that is, he had learned many things superficially and nothing well, but he completed his education in exile, and he might have prospered either as a professor or a writer of books, had not the Government imposed such rigorous conditions to his release as virtually chained both his tongue and his pen. Casimir was compelled to reside at Dolw, and was obliged to report himself at the police-office twice a week; he was prohibited from teaching children, from publishing a line not previously submitted to the press-censorship, and was warned, moreover, that if he attempted to leave the country, or to excite public sympathy for his wrongs, either by dilating upon them among his friends or by communicating with foreign newspapers, his pardon would instantly be revoked. These conditions were not made known to the proscript until his arrival at Dolw, but he had no alternative except submission, unless he would return to Siberia. For want of a better handicraft, he determined upon utilising the metallurgical knowledge he had acquired in the mines of Oural, and hired himself out as a journeyman to a silversmith.

I felt sad and ashamed upon learning that the heir of the great family of Barinski was going to be employed as a smelter for less than a rouble a day by Solomon Paskoff, who keeps the jeweller's shop in the street of St. Isaac, close to the ancestral mansion of the Barinskis. This very street was formerly called after the Barinskis, and every day in going to his work and returning from it, Casimir would pass by the home of his fathers, which was now the residence of the general who commands the garrison. He did not seem to mind this much; and as to his work, he said with resignation, that he was glad to find a livelihood at all, for that Ioulka and her mother had only just enough to keep them, and he would have scrupled to take a wife, unless he could earn at least the bread he ate. Besides he hoped to be able to get away before long with his wife and mother-in-law and join his sister Eveline in France.

I owed Madame Zezloff and her daughter a call now that I knew of Ioulka's engagement, and so proceeded to their house, after vespers the day following that when I had seen Casimir. The Zezloffs lived in

modest lodgings, without a servant, and did their cooking for themselves, though time was when they had had several servants, in the days when Dr. Zezioff was the chief practitioner in Dolw, before the Civil War, where he was killed by a bullet in tending the wounded upon a battle-field. Ioulka's hands were covered with flour when she opened the door for me, and at the first compliment I uttered upon her coming marriage, she blushed and ran back to the kitchen. Her mother came forward, laughing, and led me into the drawing-room, where I found Casimir, who was seated near the stove with muddy boots, for he had been walking about the town all day in search of occupation.

It was then he told me that Solomon Paskoff had employed him, and we talked about this matter, Madame Zezioff seeming as concerned as I that no worthier field could be found for his talents. Presently Ioulka came back, with her hands washed, and sat down near her mother to hem a handkerchief, but she was all radiant with inward happiness and saw nothing to fret about, now that Casimir had returned in health. It takes a good deal to persuade a girl in love that the earth is not full of bright prospects. I noticed that there was a striking resemblance between mother and daughter: they looked like copies of the same engraving,—the one in pale tints, the other in bright. Madame Zezioff's hair was silver white, though she was no more than fifty, and her complexion was pale as wax; Ioulka's hair was glossy chestnut, and her features pink; but both had the same large hazel eyes and an identical voice, low and soft, which, as Milton truly says, is an excellent thing in woman.

The Zezioffs wanted me to stay for supper, but I had some parish visiting to do, and wished to avail myself of the evening, for we were in early summer. My visit was only one of congratulation: however, I lingered awhile, when Casimir said he would dictate to me the ages and full names of Ioulka and himself, to put in the banns, as he was desirous that no time should be lost in concluding the preliminaries of his marriage, which I thought a wise resolve.

"We will be married in three weeks, father," he said, whilst I put on my spectacles and looked at Ioulka, who reddened again. "After that I will see if I cannot give the police the slip, and cross the Gallician frontier, with or without a passport."

"Take care, my son," I answered, for I was always fearful lest some one with ears like those of Nicholas Levitski should be eaves-dropping. "Had not you better submit to the discomforts of this country, rather than risk worse by trying to leave it?"

"They will end by driving me mad, if I stay here," said Casimir, rather moodily.

"We will all cross the frontier, disguised as peasants," said Ioulka, with as much hopefulness as if she were in her teens again.

"I do not wonder at your wishing to forsake a country which our oppressors render uninhabitable; and yet it is sad to me to see all of Poland's best sons who are not exiled, emigrate of their own will," said I.

"If I could do good by staying I would stay," said Casimir, taking one of Ioulka's hands from her work and putting it between his own. "But of what use can I be here, father? In France I might take to authorship and publish what things our brothers in Siberia are suffering: not many of us come back to tell the tale."

"And you might write more poems," added Ioulka, softly.

"Yes, Casimir Barinski has turned poet," remarked Madame Zezioff, addressing me with a motherly pride in her glance. He has told you of his book, has he not, father? The worst of it is that we had never heard of the *Snow Flakes*, and cannot procure a copy. Ioulka and I went the round of the booksellers this morning in vain."

"That proves that my genius has not yet set the world on fire," remarked Casimir, good-humouredly.

I did not say I knew where a copy of the poems was to be obtained, but in the next breath Casimir fortuitously mentioned Countess Marienha's name in a manner that caused me uneasiness.

"I want to find out where my sister Eveline is," he said; "but dare not write to France, for my letters would be opened by the Black Bureau at the post-office. I am told that the Countess Marienha still keeps up relations with the Polish Committee in Paris, and I have a good mind to ask her if she will be so obliging as to make inquiries."

"No, don't ask anything of Countess Marienha," I replied, hastily.

"Why not?" he rejoined, in surprise; then added, as he raised Ioulka's fingers to his lips with a smile, "oh, it is because I once allowed my wings to be singed by the flame of her bright eyes! I warn you that is an old, old tale, father."

"The tale of a boy's romance," said Mme. Zezioff, with an air as though she felt sure that there existed no danger for the future.

"And Ioulka is not jealous," continued Casimir.

The excellent girl cast a trustful look at him as she playfully answered: "The Countess is still very pretty though—but she is good—oh, so good!"

"Yes, she is good," I grumbled, "but that is precisely why I would not have Casimir requesting any favours that might compromise her."

"God forbid that I should lead her into any trouble," said Casimir seriously. "If you think I might injure her I will refrain. It is my intention to call on her this evening, for they tell me Thursday is still her reception night. I bought a dress suit this morning for the purpose."

"Yes, it is a duty to pay your respects to Countess Marienha," concurred Mme. Zezioff. "She is the Providence of all our suffering countrymen."

"There is not a man or woman in want but she relieves them," chimed in Ioulka enthusiastically. "If she were to disappear from amongst us, it would be as if the sun's light were darkened."

It hurt me to hear these honest people join in the praises of a woman

who—Heaven help her—was not worthy to tie their shoe-strings, so I took my leave in sorry humour; but before reaching the bottom of the stairs I had made up my mind that I too would attend the Countess's levee, to witness the meeting between her and unsuspicious Casimir.

Paulina Marienha opened her gilded drawing-rooms every Thursday evening, and hers was the only house where anything like social festivity was kept up among Christian Poles of the respectable classes. I say Christians, because the Jews form a class apart in our midst. The insurrection of 1863 was conducted without reference to their interests; perhaps the Catholic nobles, who were its leaders, were even too forgetful that the Jews stinted neither their blood nor money, and were consequently deserving of more consideration than was shown them; anyhow, having been constantly treated as pariahs by our nobility, the Jews have dissociated themselves, in heart, from our cause, and get on well enough with our oppressors. All the trade of Poland is in their hands, and a great many of the smaller Government clerkships: they keep open shop, manage the hotels, lend money to Russian officers, and by their numbers, industry, wealth, and general appearance of equanimity, keep up a semblance of life in cities, which but for them would be dead.

A stranger who visited such a town as Dolw in the expectation of finding it silent and mournful, would be mistaken. The garrisons are so large, and the officers and civil functionaries are so fond of gaiety, that they of themselves are enough to make the streets lively. They have their clubs, where they gamble wofully, their theatre, their regimental bands, which play on the summer evenings in the Artillery Square, their dinner-parties and balls; but from all these rejoicings the true Poles remain absent, and by their very absence contribute to the idea that they are non-existent. If you would find traces of Russian oppression, you must seek it in the schools, where our language is not allowed to be taught; in our Catholic churches, where priests dare not speak a word that would revive the patriotism of their countrymen; in the conscription, which takes off our young men to serve for years in regiments where they have no chance of promotion, and where they are harshly treated by officers who dread and hate them; in our country districts, where the confiscated estates of ~~p~~ noblemen are all managed by the agents of absentee court favourites; and in the general air of moroseness prevalent amongst our Christian countrymen, who are terrorised by police espionage. There are no exponents of Polish grievances in the local press; a Catholic Pole, unless he be some shameless renegade who has joined in spoiling us, is not suffered to hold any public post of trust; and such of the Polish nobles who remain in our towns lead hole-and-corner lives in lodgings, whose walls seem to have ears, judging by the promptness with which any unguarded word is carried to the police-office and punished.

I have often wondered that the fact of Countess Marienha's being permitted to retain her estates, and exercise such lavish hospitality as she

did, should not have opened the eyes of some of our better educated countrymen to her true character ; and yet I myself certainly attended her receptions for a long time without suspecting aught of what I subsequently learned. The truth is, that, as she herself told me, the Russian Government find it convenient to tolerate a social outlet for the national discontent, which else might ferment under the surface in conspiracies ; and Paulina was instructed to join in the disaffected talk of her countrymen, nay to promote disaffection, so that she might become possessed of the secrets of the patriots, and skilfully lead them to a pass where sudden detection (resulting apparently from chance) should place them at the mercy of the police. Whether she played this evil game during all the thirteen years of Casimir Barinski's absence, I am unable to say, wishing only to write of such things as I know ; and, in any case, her work during this epoch would have been comparatively light, for the repression of 1864 had been so bloody and thorough that there was no spirit left in any of us. But at the time of Casimir's return rumours were rife of the Eastern War now raging ; and I began to feel convinced from what our young exile had told me, that Paulina was once again about to co-operate with our enemies in thwarting whatever national impulses the troubled state of political matters might call forth.

It was about eight o'clock, and the crowds of Russian soldiers and nursemaids, mingled with young Jews and Jewesses, were streaming homewards from the Artillery Square, where the band of the Kherson regiment of Hussars had been playing, when I, having put on my Sunday cassock and plated shoe-buckles, presented myself at the Countess's house. The major-domo, in black livery, made me a bow and conducted me to the chief drawing-room, where several guests were already assembled, among whom my arrival excited no surprise, for I had long been free of the house. I thought I could detect, however, that Paulina coloured slightly and bit her lips, though she received me with much outward cordiality and deference. She was very beautifully dressed in white silk looped up with bunches of carnations, the assortment of these two colours forming those of our Polish flag—scarlet and white. I had no need of introduction to any of the company, who were all known to me. There were two or three aged noblemen, who had been too old at the time of the rebellion to take part in it, and some young men who had been boys at the same date, but there was not a single man of middle age. A few pretty young ladies in white muslin, and some elderly ones, attired in somewhat worn-out finery, completed the circle in which, needless to say, there was not a Russian uniform to be seen.

While tea and sweetmeats were being handed round, Paulina, who was an active hostess, organized the card-tables, where the old noblemen sat down to play whist at two kopecks the point. Casimir had not yet come, but as the clock on the mantle-shelf struck nine, the major-domo opened the door and announced : " Count Barinski."

All eyes converged towards the threshold, and by a common move-

ment of sympathy and respect, every one of the guests, men and women, stood up. Like my old servant Elizabeth, they were disposed to look upon the young exile as returned from the grave. Irreproachably dressed, and looking quite the well-bred nobleman that he was, Casimir advanced to greet our hostess, but she with an impulse which would have been charming in any other person, put her hands on his shoulders, and kissed him on both cheeks. Many of the other women did the same, and so did the men. As for the young ladies, hearing that Casimir was only thirty-three, though his hair and beard were grey, they began to cry, and peeped at him out of the corners of their eyes, while drying them with their handkerchiefs.

I forget whether Paulina cried or not : if my memory serves me, she was all of a flush, and led Casimir to a sofa, where she sat down beside him, while the rest of the company clustered around to hear the sound of his voice. At all events everybody was so enwrapt in the hero that no attention was paid to my doings, and this suited me very well, for I commenced prowling about the rooms to seek for the Countess's copy of the *Snow Flakes*.

I found it at last behind a book-shelf in her boudoir, where it had evidently been thrust out of sight. This boudoir was a wondrous chamber, furnished with yellow satin, and it had a fire-place after the French fashion, with pine-logs burning ; so I sat down by the hearth, and put on my spectacles to examine the pages of the volume.

The first poem on which my eyes lit was this little ode, which I have translated into prose :—

TO PAULINA.

The snow flakes fall and cloak the ground—Whiter than the feathers of the Holy dove—Whiter than bridal veil or Virgin's shroud—But not whiter than thy snowy breast—Paulina!

Soft they fall over land and sea—Their touch could not wake a sleeping child—Softer than the balm of May's mild breeze—But not more soft than thy kiss—Paulina!

Cold is the earth where the snow flakes fall—Cold as the hand that rests in death—Colder than marble which hides the grave—But not more cold than thy heart—Paulina!

It is not possible to render in any other tongue—not even in our Polish—the dreamy beauty of these verses written in the Lithuanian dialect. There were many others like them addressed to the Countess, and, from what I could conjecture, they must have been indited before Casimir went into exile, whilst he was completely under the thralldom of his dangerous charmer, and he must have kept them in his collection after his love had grown cold, merely from the vanity usual to young poets. However, as I conned over one amorous sonnet after another I was at no loss to account for the reason which must have impelled Paulina to sue for Casimir's pardon : beyond a doubt she was in love with him. She was a widow, and nearing the age when the adoration of men was likely to cease, but she had yet several years of beauty before her

and what more likely than that, finding (as she must have supposed) the heart of the noble young exile still faithful to her, gratified self-love, mixed with remorse, may have induced her to dream of devoting the remainder of her life to one whom she had so fearfully wronged? Paulina Marienha was quite capable of forming a plan of this sort, for, in her, good was curiously wrought up with evil, as in the clay-footed beast of the apocalyptic vision. I sat so long by the fire in the boudoir, reading the pretty poems, that midnight struck before I was aware of the flight of time, whereon, straining my ears to hearken, it seemed to me that all the company had gone. However, two persons were still conversing in the adjoining room, and upon my walking to the door, which was closed by a silk hanging, I saw through the lace-work of the fringe Paulina and Casimir wishing each other good-night.

They were alone. Her face was tinted with a bright glow, and her eyes glistened. Casimir maintained the deeply respectful attitude of a man who believes he is speaking to a kind of saint upon earth.

"Good night, Casimir Barinski," said the Countess, in a voice soft as music, though it quavered slightly. "Mind, you must come often to see me, for I wish to hear you relate all your sorrowful adventures."

"Dear lady, those sorrows are half-forgotten now that you shed such a kindly compassion on them."

"I have constantly thought about you," she said. "And I may hope that you did not quite forget me, judging by the verses in your charming book of poems!"

"You have read those verses, then?" he rejoined, with a little surprise. "Dear lady, my poems conveyed a homage scarcely worthy of your acceptance. It remains for me to offer with my lips the expressions of worship which your grace, beauty, and virtues call for."

"I liked the homage in the book very well," she remarked, with a quiet archness. "Good night again; you have come back upon me like a vision of my youth."

"You have made me feel that it was but yesterday I last saw you," he replied, and, with an exquisite gallantry that was not of love, but of simple worldly courtesy, he stooped to kiss the hand she extended, then made a low bow and retired.

For a few minutes after he was gone Paulina stood motionless, pensively gazing after him; then she glided to the window and lifted the curtain, apparently to see him once more as he crossed the square outside. When he was out of view she dropped the curtain, thrilled from head to foot, and walked off with a slow step to her private apartments, without coming into the boudoir where I was ensconced.

Glad at not having been detected spying, I hastened downstairs and left the house, just as the porter, who thought that all the guests were gone, was barring the door; but in my hurry I left the volume of Casimir's *Snow Flakes* open on the boudoir table, and the shagreen case of my spectacles inside it.

III.

It may have been owing to this omission, or because she had found other reasons to suspect my perspicacity; but the very next morning Paulina came and knelt in my confessional.

On the previous occasion of her coming to make her shrift she had accused herself of the sin of greediness—for eating a few strawberries between meals—and I was prepared for a repetition of some such triviality. But this time she laid her heart bare in one sentence.

"Father," she said, "I love Casimir Barinski."

"And it was you who obtained his pardon?" I rejoined, with mingled sentiments, in which I knew not whether it was anger or pity that predominated.

"Yes," she answered, almost inaudibly, through the grating.

"And you are still a spy—a traitor? You contemplate playing the part of Dalila again towards this man whom you have rendered fatherless, and whom you have aged before his time? Tell me the truth. Out with it."

"I *am* a spy," she faltered; "but by my hopes of salvation, father, if I could become Casimir Barinski's wife, I should be an honest woman. I wish to atone for the evil I have done. My heart has never spoken as it has now, and I feel I could die for this man. If he would take me for his wife I would go away with him wherever he would . . ."

She rambled on in this way till I roughly checked her, bidding her give me her confession in order, and, as she valued her soul, not attempt to deceive me as to her proceedings in the past or her schemes for the future. She heaved a deep sigh, so lamentable in sound that it smote me as a reproach, for in one's dealings with this woman it was never possible to know whether she might not be truly contrite. When the fear of the devil was upon her, or when she wanted to coax some favour from her patron saint, she could be truthful by the hour, and upbraid herself with such virulent invectives as tempted one to cry, "Enough!" She began by telling me that she had loved Casimir from the moment of reading his poems, and had applied for his pardon on the spur of her first impulse of remorse. The pardon had been granted the more readily as some personages of high standing at court had also read the poems, and had been touched by them; but a condition had been put to Count Barinski's release, namely that Paulina should do her best to win the late exile into loyalty by offering him some lucrative secret service employment if he would consent openly to forswear the Polish cause, and put his signature to a document stating that the exiles in Siberia were treated with the utmost humanity. This document was to go the round of the Russophilist journals of Europe.

When I heard Paulina say that she had undertaken this job, and meant to proceed with it, I knew that what she felt for Casimir Barinski might be caprice, but could not be real love, for a woman who

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loves a man does not begin by speculating on his dishonour. A few minutes before she had declared herself eager to forsake her present life and fly to the end of the earth with the man whose wife she aspired to become ; but this inconsistency was after all consistent with the character of a woman who craved for nothing but material enjoyments, and had never let herself be hindered in any enterprise by principle. I let her speak on, and plied her with some questions as to her political doings during the years when she had hidden her conduct from me, but she answered rather shortly that she had confessed these things elsewhere, and been absolved from them. When, again, I tried to elicit information as to her present relations with the police, she replied that, having recently gone on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Elizabeth of Hungary in respect of her police tasks, she was entitled to a plenary indulgence, and was not bound to make me any disclosures. It was quite of a piece with these views on religion that she should have concluded by announcing her intention of burning six wax tapers of a pound's weight each before the Lady-altar so that her matrimonial projects might succeed.

I told her drily that she might save herself that expense. "Casimir Barinski is going to be married to another," said I, "and the best atonement you can make him is to leave him alone."

"Ah!" was the answer blown to me through the grating, and her breath came and went in gasps.

"He is going to marry Ioulka Zezioff, whom he tenderly loves," I added implacably. "As for you, the affection he once bore you has died away."

"But it can revive," she responded, resolutely.

"No, it cannot," I ejaculated, in wrath. "Be content with the respect he vouchsafes you, and which you so ill deserve. If you married Casimir Barinski without telling him what you are, it would be an imposture that would carry Heaven's curse with it; and if he knew you as I do, he would spurn you with his foot."

"Then you think that I have freed this man from Siberia to throw him into the arms of a rival!" murmured Paulina, in a tone that vibrated.

"You have done your best to kill a patriot, and do you dare to boast of having given him his freedom?" I exclaimed, exasperated. "Out upon you for an impertinent profligate! All your thoughts are devilish, and your presence in this church is a pollution!"

These were harsh words, but I meant them to be so. There was wafted to me through the grating the penetrating odour of a perfume which Paulina used. I could hear the rustle of her silk dress, and I felt outraged to think that the gold wherewith this woman bought her finery, and paid for the tapers she offered to the Virgin—nay, the gold with which she desired to enrich Casimir—was blood-money, counted to her for having sent Casimir's father and brothers, with countless others, to death. I could not see the Countess through the wire grating, and of course our conversation had been carried on in whispers, owing to the people who kept entering and leaving the church for short prayers

during market hours. She remained silent a moment, and then, without asking me for absolution, remarked that her design to marry Casimir Barinski being a laudable one, she should persevere in the prosecution of it without minding Ioulka Zezioff. She was sorry for the bad opinion I entertained of her, but begged to remind me that all she had just revealed, having been communicated to me under seal of confession, I was debarred from reporting a word of it to anybody. This said—in a tone of half-menace, as I fancied—she rose from her knees, and her place in the confessional was almost immediately occupied by a potter's wife, who had contrite avowals to make about the peculations she committed in the course of business.

I knew but too well that Paulina Marienha had only made me her confession in order to close my lips as to facts I might have suspected and acted upon had she not told them me. For my absolution she cared not a doit, since she could go and obtain it of some other more accommodating priest, who took no such liberties in lecturing her as I did; indeed, from words she let fall, I had gathered that she was in frequent consultation with a priest who could be no true Pole, for he appeared to have assured her that her treacheries were not culpable, but rather meritorious as proofs of submission to "those in authority over us." I am sorry to say that there is no sin which cannot be twisted into a virtue by a tortuous-minded priest, which reminds me of one who, anxious to get on in the world, solaced a wealthy but immoral lady by persuading her that it is not good to be too virtuous, seeing that excess of virtue leads us to pride—which is as much a deadly sin as that other sin whereof the said lady had accused herself. Sin or not, I certainly had no right to put Casimir on his guard against the Countess Paulina, with regard to things derived from her own lips; but there was nothing to prevent my assisting Casimir to leave the country, according to his own wishes, and this I determined to do without any delay, for I felt that we were in a perilous juncture. Oddly enough—or I should say providentially—the potter's wife to whom I have just alluded became a timely instrument for the work I desired to perform.

If this were not a narrative in which true names have been altered—names of localities as well as persons—I should scruple to write down that Macha Planiwitz, wife of the chief potter in Dolw, was in the habit of charging her husband's customers for more pots than they actually received, and that, moreover, in wholesale transactions she supplied pots of a quality inferior to the samples. These misdoings she confessed once a month or so, with promises of amendment; but she and Planiwitz conducted a yet more serious business in that they smuggled goods into Galicia and out of it by means of a double-keeled barge, which carried their pots down the Vistula from Dolw to Cracow and back.

Now this double-keeled barge had been the subject of much spiritual wrangling between Macha Planiwitz and me.

A buxom, blue-eyed, and good-humoured mother of children, Macha

had a great reverence for the saints, but was withal too fond of money, so that when she first told me of the barge I found her ready to argue that it was no sin in her and her husband, who were Christians, to defraud the Russians, who were schismatics; the less so, as the schismatic officials of the custom-house were wont to abet the frauds in consideration of being bribed. I had to correct these notions, and, with a sigh, Macha promised that the barge should be suppressed. But eighteen months later, her eldest boy, Peter, being in danger of death by measles, she came to me in great trouble, attributing this trial to the double-keeled barge, which had not been suppressed after all, notwithstanding a variety of fibs she had told me on her knees as to its having been broken up for fire-wood. I offered up prayers for young Peter, requiring his mother to vow more honesty for the future, and when the boy had recovered, she swore by his precious head that the barge should no more be used. But alas for the deceitfulness of women! When, at the end of two years more, Macha's youngest little girl was seized with the whooping-cough, she had to avow with many tears that, although the original barge had no more been used, two other and larger ones had been bought, owing to the extension which Stanislas Planiwitz's affairs were taking. Little Mary was cured of her whooping-cough, and her mother pretended to abjure barges for ever; but I was not at all sure but that she had found means of evading the spirit of a vow, which maybe she had fulfilled in the letter.

So as Macha was kneeling and telling me of some profitable mistakes she had been making in her addition sums, I thought of the double-keeled barge, and reflected how convenient a vehicle it would have been for smuggling Casimir Barinski into Gallicia. The difficulty was to extract an avowal from Macha that she still smuggled, for her husband and children were all in good health at that moment.

"Macha," I said suddenly, "you must tell me about the cargo of tea, leather, and furs you sent off to Cracow last week."

"As I live, father, there wasn't a pound of tea in it," she replied in a flutter.

"You can't deny about the leather and skins though," I proceeded, sternly, though I was only going by guess-work. "What do you mean by trying to deceive the saints? Do you think they don't prompt me the questions I ought to put you, and keep an open eye on your games besides?"

"All the Jews in the carrying trade smuggle, and the saints don't hinder them," said Macha dismally. "It's very hard that we Christians shouldn't be allowed to pick up a little of the money which would else go into their pockets."

"Wait till the day of judgment," said I. "You'll see what faces the Jews will pull when they are ordered downstairs, whilst all the good Christians march off to the right. Not that you'll ever march off to the right though, Macha, for you've told me many a lie about those double-keeled barges."

"Father, if the saints have told you that we've a single double-keeled barge afloat, they've lost the use of their eyes," affirmed Macha, with rather ironical earnestness.

I was somewhat disconcerted, but thought it good to feign anger. "Out upon you for mocking at the saints now!" said I. "Is it because a poor saint has been dead a thousand years and more, that he's to be scoffed at for not knowing the names of the new-fangled craft that ply on our rivers? I suppose you won't tell me that your skins float up stream to Cracow by themselves, with the incantation of some Lithuanian water-witch to speed them?"

"God forbid," exclaimed Macha, and I am sure she signed herself piously.

"Well, then, it's the devil who carries them in his phantom ship, manned by heretics who have died by their own hand? If you don't want me to believe that there's some evil mystery in all this, Macha, you'll let me know in what sort of boat all those skins are hidden."

"It's a steam-launch," murmured Macha, terrified.

The secret was out at last, and I could hear poor Macha behind the grating beginning to whimper. I suspect she was already in conference with the fiend as to how she should elude any new vow I might impose upon her in respect of the vessel from which her husband derived so much more money than from his pots; so she must have felt surprised when I simply questioned her as to the facilities which the custom-house officials allowed Planiwitz for his smuggling. She hastened to say, in self-excuse, that they allowed so many that a saint himself would have been tempted into the contraband trade. They never overhauled the cargo, but pretended to believe that pots were the only merchandise on board, and it was not ten days since Planiwitz had presented the chief inspector with 20 lbs. of Turkish tobacco and ten sacks of Mocha coffee, brought from Cracow on the return journey. I ought to mention that Planiwitz, though a true-hearted Pole, was by birth a Gallician, and had not settled in Dolw till after the rebellion, so that the authorities had no reason to treat him with the mistrust shown to Poles indigenous to the Russian districts. Among these last (that is among the Christians) trade was hampered with so many restrictions that few cared to embark in it.

All I wanted to know of Macha was whether, in the event of Casimir Barinski being hidden on board the launch, there was any danger of the inspectors detecting him, and having ascertained there was none, I proceeded to inform my penitent, in a rather circumlocutory way, what I wanted her to do. She was a good woman, who I knew would willingly render me a service; and yet such awe attaches among the people to the words police and Siberian exile that I doubted how my communication would affect her. But she received it better than I thought, and better, I am sure, than her husband would have done, for women have, according to my experience, more courage than men.

"You want us to carry a patriot out of the country. I see no diffi-

culty," said she, in a whisper; "is it Count Barinski, whom the papers say has been pardoned?"

"The same, and I charge you, on your soul, Macha, not to confide his plan to any man, save your husband, and the mate of your launch, for you would jeopardise his life. How many men compose the crew of the launch?"

"Two—one is an Austrian, the other a Greek, and neither like the Russians. I will talk to my husband, and bring you his answer to-morrow at this hour."

"And tell him the Count wants to start as soon as possible," said I, pleased with her docility. "He was to have got married before starting, but his bride can join him abroad, and they will be married more comfortably where Russian faces are scarce."

Macha reflected a moment, and then the jade thought she would drive a bargain with the saints.

"We take tea and skins on board as ballast," said she; "will it be a sin if we do so on this journey with the Count, father?"

"Nobody asks you what you are going to take," muttered I.

"I should like to have my conscience clear," said she, a bit slyly. "May I have absolution for past smuggling?"

"Yes, I absolve thee, for thou art a good woman," said I, and I am glad the grating was there to prevent my seeing her smile, as she must have done, when I so readily gave her a clean bill for all her husband's sins against the revenue.

Truth to say, I was much pleased with what I had accomplished, and I lost no time in making Casimir acquainted with my scheme for his flight; but judge of my mortification when he told me that he had just confided his projects to Countess Marienha, and that she had promised to abet him. It seems he had met her as she was coming out of church, had gone home to lunch with her, and had spent several hours in her company, so that he was in a very enthusiastic mood about her goodness.

He and I were talking together in the court-yard of the house where the Zezioffs lived. Some little Jew boys, with black ringlets and conical caps, were gambling for cherry-stones in the doorway, and I drew my young friend to the opposite end of the yard:

"You must not trust to Countess Marienha, Casimir," said I, in agitation. "She herself would gladly serve you, no doubt; but I am not sure as to the instruments she would use. She is surrounded by people who might play her false."

"What? Do you believe the police have suspicions about her?"

"The police suspect everybody, and I as a confessor know a great deal more about the people here than I can tell you. It is unsafe to involve Countess Marienha in any of your affairs, unsafe for her as well as for you."

"I told her how afraid I was of compromising her, but she laughed at the notion," exclaimed Casimir, removing his felt hat and stroking his furrowed brow. "Great heavens, what a country this has become!"

and he went on to say that Paulina had generously volunteered to take him out of the country disguised as one of her servants. As to the Zezioffs, as there was nothing to prevent them from leaving Poland at their pleasure, she would take care that Ioulka and her mother joined him when he was safe over the frontier.

"Yes, trust her for that," I grumbled to myself, feeling persuaded that when once Casimir was gone, Paulina's first care would be to have Ioulka and her mother arrested and taken to St. Petersburg, where they might undergo a year of "preventive detention" on some charge of being concerned in a political conspiracy. "No, no," I added aloud, "you must leave Poland at once, Casimir, and the Countess must know neither where nor how you are going."

I had just said this much, when there sprang up from underground as it were the figure of Nicholas Levitski, my sacristan. He stepped out of the house, wearing his usual unctuous smile, made us a bow which brought his hat to a level with his knees, and glided away like a shadow. "Now, what was *he* doing here?" thought I. "This comes of speaking too near to a wall," and I drew Casimir into the middle of the yard to finish our colloquy.

We talked nearly half-an-hour, and he entered into all my views. At length we were interrupted by Mme. Zezioff and Ioulka, who returned from market and came into the yard, each with a basket on her arm. Ioulka had also a bunch of roses in her hands, and she looked so pretty in her fresh blue-spotted dress and straw-hat, that I patted her cheek, and informed her that Casimir would have some secrets to tell her when he got upstairs. In effect, Barinski and I had decided that Mme. Zezioff ought at once to apply for a passport, as if she and her daughter were going to Berlin to see a relative there, which would throw the police off the scent of the direction Casimir had taken, in case they should suspect the Zezioffs of having been parties to his flight. Once they were all three out of the country they might meet in any city agreed upon, and make thence for Paris, where Casimir would be sure to find friends among the Polish Emigration Committee, who would put him in the way of getting honourable employment. His sister Eveline, too, who, as I heard, was married to a civil engineer, would be able to offer Mme. Zezioff and her daughter a home until the arrangements for Ioulka's own wedding should be completed.

I was right to be thus precipitate in my recommendations; for whilst I was advising Casimir, Paulina Marienha was, on her side, not inactive, and in fact it was a regular contest of speed that had commenced between her and me.

IV.

In the morning I got a favourable answer from Macha Planiwitz. The steam launch was going to start for Cracow at evening next day, and Casimir was welcome to a corner in the secret hold among the bales of contraband stuff. However, as it was pretty certain that the Count's

footsteps were for the present dogged by spies, this was the roundabout way he must take in order to reach the wharf and get on board. At six o'clock next evening he was to enter a tobacconist's shop in Sobieski Street with the stalk of a rose in his mouth, and ask for a five-kopeck cigar; by these tokens the tobacconist's wife, who was a friend of Macha's, would know him, and point to her parlour door, which would remain ajar. Casimir would have to pass through the parlour without a word, make for a yard behind, and issue thence into Little Podlack Street, where there are some public baths, which he must enter, requesting a warm bath "with bran." The bath proprietress, another friend of Macha's, would lead him to a bath closet, where he would find a tarpaulin hat, a waterproof cloak, and some shaving tackle. Having shaved off his beard, and donned his disguise, Casimir must open the closet window, drop into the yard of the bath-house, and by means of a short ladder, placed there in readiness, climb over the wall, and so gain a brandy wharf, which would lead him to Planiwitz's Pottery Wharf further on, and there the Austrian mate of the launch would be on the look-out, also with a rose in his mouth; and the fugitive must say to him, "I have come to examine the boiler of your launch;" whereupon without a word the mate would conduct him on board, and stow him away among the tea-chests and skins, where he must make such shift to breathe as he could until the launch passed the Austrian frontier.

Such were the precautions needed to assist a patriot in escaping from his own country; and I knew that Macha, while doing her best to shield her husband from any suspicion of complicity, had not exaggerated the risks that would be run if things were managed without proper cunning. She told me that her husband feared to speak to the runaway, or even to see him; and that if it had not been for her entreaties (I think she might have said her "orders," for she was the master spirit of her household) he would not have mixed in so perilous a business. All that Macha begged in requital of her good offices was that I would ask Casimir Barinski to give her some portion of attire that he had worn in Siberia, so that she might cut it up into scapularies for her children to wear as safeguards against lightning and the Evil Eye—the which I duly promised.

One thing annoyed me, and this was that Nicholas Levitski, who was stealing noiselessly about the church replenishing the oil in the lamps of the lateral chapels, saw Macha on her knees in my confessional. He had seen her there on the day before, for he took faithful ocular note of all who came to shrive themselves; so by and by, as I was unrobing in the sacristy, he said with a mealy smile and a voice that came through his nose, as through an ill-tuned organ: "Alack, the potter's wife has many a sin to confess, since she comes two days running." "Hold thy peace," said I; "if thou wouldst confess all *thy* sins, a week on thy knees would not suffice thee."

By and by, when the midday sun was so hot that the Russian soldiers I met were hanging out their tongues like dogs, I went out to tell the Zezioffs of the arrangements I had made; and I found that they had

been to the police-office to apply for their passports. The officials had only put them the usual formal questions, and after taking down a minute description of their features and figures, during which Ioulka had blushed, said her mother, they had promised that the passports should be forwarded next day. I did not see Casimir, for, by the advice of us all, he had entered upon his new situation at the silversmith's; we had even bidden him to talk with Solomon Paskoff as to make the latter believe that he was going to smelt in his service for months, if not years.

That day was spent by Ioulka and her mother in the exciting task of packing for their departure. Casimir did not lodge in the same house as the Zezioffs, but he took his meals with them, and on coming in to dinner he brought a pink note that had been sent to him in the course of the day, inviting him to take tea at the Countess's house, at nine o'clock. The Zezioffs, in their honest belief of Paulina's purity, advised him to go, and he went, but said nothing as to his intended escape. On the contrary, he gladdened the Countess above measure by consenting to fly with her three days thence, and saying so many gallant things that she must have felt persuaded her blandishments had partly won back his heart, a consummation which her vanity could not deem improbable.

All this Casimir told me next day, when he came to see me at the church during the hour allotted him for dinner. He looked pensive, and as I led him to the space behind the high altar, where we could be in privacy for this interview, the last I should probably ever have with him, he whispered that he had discovered the secret of Paulina's kindness to him. "I should be a simpleton," said he, "if I were blind to the fact that Paulina loves me, father."

"It's no great matter, provided you don't love her," answered I, scrutinizing his face rather anxiously.

"No, I love Ioulka," he rejoined, steadfastly; but then a faint gleam shot through his blue eyes as he added: "It's flattering, though, to have kindled a passion in a woman I courted so hopelessly of yore."

"My son, Paulina Marienha is forty years old now."

"It may be, but she still looks young; that is why I treated her yesterday as if she were no more than twenty, and an instinct warned me that the less I talked about Ioulka the more it would please her. Was that a sin, father?"

"Eh, my son! these are points of casuistry I cannot decide outside a confessional," I replied, edging away; though I was mighty relieved to think that, in flirting with the Countess, Casimir had doubtless thrown her off her guard and caused her to stay proceedings she might otherwise have taken against Ioulka Zezioff. "Here we are alone," said I, as we reached St. Stanislas' small and dimly-lighted chapel behind the high altar. "Kneel down, my son, that I may bless thee before thou goest away."

He knelt down on the flags, humbly bowing his head, and I stretched my hands over him: "God Almighty protect thee, Casimir Barinski, and give thee long life that thou mayest see our poor country freed."

"Amen!" he responded fervently.

"Mayest thou carry the example of Polish virtues to the strange land whither thou goest, so that in learning to honour thee, men may honour thy friendless country!" I added, "Be not like the Poles who fought in the Communal rebellion of Paris, Casimir, and thereby showed ingratitude for the hospitality which a great nation had extended to them. Be not like that madman Bevezowski either, who thought that a cause such as ours could be advanced by assassination. The cross and the sword must be thy weapons, my son, when thy day comes—which, alas! I shall not live to see."

"Who knows, father?" said he, still on his knees. "The Russians may shortly be involved in a war which will lead to the dismemberment of their empire. When that war comes, can I in conscience join the Turkish standard?"

"No!" said I, after a moment's hesitation. "These men have pardoned thee, and thou canst not use the liberty they have restored to bear arms against them. It is a point of honour. Not till the day when the whole of Poland rises to arms will thy time have arrived; meanwhile, be faithful and patient."

"I will obey you, father," answered Casimir; and rising from his knees he threw himself into my arms. There were tears in the eyes of us both; but even as I was embracing the poor fellow whom I loved, I noticed that the drapery of the high altar shook as though there were a cat behind. This made me exclaim at once: "Good-bye, Casimir; thou wilt start to-morrow morning by the road to Kaptcha, in peasant's disguise."

"Kaptcha?" echoed he; but looking up he caught the wink I gave him, and followed the direction of my glance. Nicholas Levitski was just then protruding his bust through the drapery, and held in one hand a bowl full of liquid plaster.

"Father," whined he, "the rats play havoc with the altar cloth, and I have been stopping their holes."

"Thou art a good servant," said I drily; "but since thou hast still plaster enough, I will show thee a spot in the crypt where thou mayest stop other holes; I fear the rats have been eating at the shrine of St. Stanislas."

"They are an evil vermin," remarked Nicholas, following me as if anxious to render a service.

"Down these stairs," said I; and, when we had descended a dozen steep steps and reached the crypt, where a feeble oil lamp burns day and night, I let him pass me, then pulled the door behind him, and locked it, crying through the keyhole: "Thou wilt not be wanted till vespers, Nicholas, so thou mayest spend the whole of thy afternoon with the rats."

"But I have not dined, father," he protested, his voice ringing with a piteous sonority under the vault.

"I doubt not that St. Stanislas will consider the sacrifice of thy dinner, and send thee a better appetite for supper!" was my rejoinder, and I returned upstairs laughing in my sleeve. Casimir Barinski was

gone, for a gesture of mine had bidden him depart; so, being alone, I knelt down on the stones, and offered up a prayer that it might go well with him and with his bride Ioulka, even as it went well with Moses when he fled from among the Egyptians.

I had no positive proof that Nicholas Levitski was a spy, but things I had uttered at different times had been noised abroad without its being possible that any save himself could be the retailer; besides which, every Catholic priest in Poland has a spy in his sacristy, so there were reasons enough why I should keep the man locked up in the crypt until Casimir and the Zezioffs had left Dolw. A word from him in the ear of a police inspector would have overturned all our plans.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Ioulka and her mother went away by the coach which travels from Dolw to Gerinsk, where there is a railway station whence they would take the train for Posen. There were the usual tightly-buttoned police officers at the coach-yard, who closely examined the passports; but Ioulka and her mother were not signalled as being under an interdict from travelling, so they were allowed to seat themselves on the dusty drab cushions of the vehicle without impediment. Mme. Zezioff was a little sad at leaving the town where her married life had been spent; but Ioulka was in high spirits, and chatted gaily to me as her small store of luggage and her mother's was being lifted on to the roof by a Jew ostler much freckled. At last the Ukranian driver, in his white smock, climbed on the box, and gathering the reins of his three flea-bitten horses, clucked his tongue against his cheek and cracked his whip. Ioulka blew a kiss to me, and her mother waved her hand, as the ponderous yellow carriage jolted out of the yard and disappeared down the street amid the yells of the little Jew boys and the barking of those many long-nosed dogs who are suffered to prowl masterless about our towns. When the coach was gone I heaved a sigh of relief and went off to say vespers. Up to the last moment I had feared that Paulina Marienha might have given orders to arrest the Zezioffs.

V.

I performed vespers without the help of my sacristan, and it was past six o'clock when I went down to the crypt to release him. He looked like a man who has seen a ghost and is famished besides; and, as I expected, his first thought was to scamper home to supper, so that there was no likelihood of his making any revelations to the police for another hour at least. "And when he does make them," mused I, "he will go and say that Casimir is to start to-morrow in the disguise of a peasant by the road to Kaptcha, so that our enemies will be hunting on the wrong track." With a chuckle over the trick I had played the worthy, I locked the church doors, took the keys home, and having supped off a dish of Vis-tulan trout, dressed myself for a visit to the Countess, whom I wished to see rather out of curiosity than because my visit could avail much at this juncture. On my way I passed by Stanislas Planiwitz's pottery shop,

and saw Macha standing in the doorway with her last-born baby in her arms, who clutched a rose in his little fist; by which preconcerted sign I was informed that Casimir Barinski was safe on board the steam launch.

Paulina received me very affably, although this was not a reception-night, and she was alone in the *deshabille* of a white-laced cashmere *peignoir*. I noticed there was a moist glitter in her eyes and a something subdued and yet ecstatic in her manner, which proved sufficiently that Casimir's flirtation of the preceding day had altogether blinded her and turned her head. She looked like a woman who is in love, and whose passionate artifices are triumphant. Certainly at that moment she would have scorned to do an unkind thing to Ioulka Zezioff, for it was a much greater womanly feat to seduce a lover from his betrothed by the simple might of her charms, instead of having recourse to police interference to crush her rival. At the age of forty, so far as I have seen, women take an extraordinary delight in winning a love battle in a fair fight.

Paulina and I talked about Casimir, for his name seemed to fly incontinently from her lips, so that she could allude to nothing else; but we did not touch upon his marriage or proposed departure in Paulina's company, I being supposed to know nought of this last scheme. We conversed rather about his family, his talents, his sufferings in Siberia—and hereon my fair hostess soon began to shed hysterical tears, vowing that, after all, it was not she who had caused Casimir to be sent into exile, for that he would have been arrested in any case, the Government having long noted down his family for persecution. It was but natural that the unhappy woman should now seek to disculpate herself of her great crime against the man she loved, and should lay particular stress on the pardon she had obtained for him. She seemed to be working herself up to the conviction that, since it was she who had prevented the patriot from ending his days in the Oural mines, the remainder of his life properly belonged to her; which proves once again that woman's logic is often at fault.

I said nothing that might grieve the Countess, for it was my duty to be courteous, as a visitor in her own house; and so we talked confidentially enough for a couple of hours. It was about ten o'clock, I think, and I was on the point of taking my departure, when a footman came in with a letter on a tray, which he handed to his mistress. Paulina begged my leave to open it; but the instant she had glanced at the first lines, she started to her feet, shot me a glance of viperous hatred such as a she-wolf may throw when she has fallen into a trap; then, bereft of all colour, she flew to her desk, and snatched up a pen. She wrote for a minute, panting as her pen flew over the paper; then, without blotting what she had written, she hastily folded the sheet, enclosed it in an envelope, and handed it to the footman, who retired.

This done, Paulina advanced towards me with flashing eyes and arms folded, whilst, in a voice that was almost a scream, she exclaimed—

"Do you know what I have just done? I have signed an order for the arrest of those two Zezioffs."

"It was a useless piece of work, for they went away this afternoon, and are over the frontier by this time," replied I, calmly.

This information staggered her for a moment. "Fool that I am; I should have had them seized two days ago!" she ejaculated, gasping. "But, anyhow, Casimir Barinski shall not escape. I know that he is to leave for Kaptcha to-morrow, disguised as a peasant."

"And what if you do prevent his escape? Love him as you may, you can't force him to marry you against his will."

"But I can send him back to Siberia, and will. I would rather see him there than married to that drudge of a girl!"

"Tut, tut!" said I. "Our enemies are bad enough, but they won't cancel an Imperial pardon for the sake of advancing your love affairs. You haven't the power you boast, Paulina."

This sally drove her almost mad.

"Haven't I the power?" shrieked she, as she spread out her hands wildly. "Know that I am queen of this town, and have been for years. I am the only person here in direct relation with the Police Minister at St. Petersburg; and a line of mine could send *you*, priest as you are, to Siberia."

"I don't believe it," said I; "and in any case feel no fear," nor did I feel any.

"Ah, you think you can defy me, but you will do well not to go too far!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands, and looking as if she would smite me.

"I do defy you," said I, standing up, in wrath; "for there isn't a priest in Poland who would give you absolution if you once laid a finger on one of our order. If we don't all hold together from brotherly love, we do from the necessity of mutual protection, as you well know, else you would have disposed of me long ago."

"I am too good, and that is my weakness!" said Paulina, panting as she dropped, half fainting, on to the sofa. "I have let myself be held in bondage by your superstitions like a child; but I'll turn schismatic."

"And I'll excommunicate you from the sacraments, and denounce you to the Camarilla as a heretic and a traitress, with whom no pact of faith need be kept," cried I, paying her back glance for glance, without quaking.

I knew the sort of woman with whom I had to deal, you see. Half choking with rage, she pointed to the door, and I walked out; but I felt quite confident that she would neither molest me nor suffer others to do so. Religion, as she practised it, was half the business of Paulina's life, and she had need to believe in the inviolability of its ministers. She would have known no peace in sinning if she had destroyed one of us priests, who have power to absolve sins.

All this did not prevent my passing a very anxious night, for I had

hoped that the news of Casimir's flight, or the intention of it, would not reach the Countess till morning, by which time all researches would be vain. I was not so sure that they would be vain at this hour, if actively conducted; and every time I heard the tramping walk of the night police under my window, I quaked lest one of these individuals should knock at my door, and request me to accompany him to the central office, there to answer questions as to my connivance in Casimir's flight. There was no knocking, and I received no police visit till ten o'clock next morning. At that hour a crop-headed man in plain clothes arrived at the church, and told me laconically that I was wanted to identify a dead body.

"Whose dead body?" I asked, my tongue almost cleaving to my palate.

"Casimir Barinski's," he answered. "The man was overtaken as he was trying to escape in peasant's clothes; and as he offered resistance, he was shot down."

"Where? On the road to Kaptcha?"

"Precisely," replied the policeman, with a significant look into my eyes. "It was on the road to Kaptcha."

VI.

Some poor peasant it was who had paid for Casimir Barinski with his innocent life; and, by the time the mistake was discovered, Casimir was safe in Galicia, with Stanislas Planiwitz's pots and chests of tea. He soon afterwards married Ioulka Zezioff in Paris, and is now employed as a journalist, I believe, in the French capital. I was never molested about his escape, nor was Macha, though, thanks to Nicholas Levitski (as I suppose), we were both suspected; but, then, the Russian police have a policy about hushing up disagreeable matters when these are beyond remedy.

As for Paulina Marienba, she remained six months without coming near me, and I, for my part, did not go near her. One day, however, she walked into our church bravely, attired after her wont, and, sending for me out of the sacristy, said, with a grave sort of downcast smile, that she had come to make a confession. Prepared, by her manner, for something serious, I took my seat in the central box of the confessional, while she knelt in that to the left.

"Father," she began, "I accuse myself of the sin of ill-temper in often speaking sharply to my maid——"

And that was how the Countess Paulina squared her accounts with heaven.

Æsthetic Analysis of an Obelisk.

I HAD climbed with a friend up the steep down which overhangs Ventnor, and reached the obelisk at Appuldurcombe. From its base the eye ranges over the loveliest panorama in the Isle of Wight. The Solent gleams blue in the sunlight to northward, and the Channel, studded with white sails, spreads below us to the south; while at the eastern and western ends of the island, the great chalk cliffs of the Culvers and the Main Bench stand out in dazzling purity against the purple waters of Sandown Bay and Freshwater Gate. Around us on every side stretches an undulating reach of tilled or wooded country, all the more grateful, perhaps, for its trim neatness to an eye wearied with the rank luxuriance of tropical hill-sides. But what strikes one most in the prospect, is the singular way in which every conspicuous height is crowned by some kind of monument or landmark, giving to each portion of the scene an individuality and a topographical distinctness of its own. Here, close at hand, is the Appuldurcombe Obelisk, built on a commanding point of view by Sir Richard Worsley, the former owner of the great house which stands in solitary grandeur, shrouded by the elms of the park, at our feet. The obelisk has been struck by lightning and shaken to its very base; while the topmost stones have fallen in a long line on the down, still preserving their relative positions, and impressing the visitor with a very massive idea of ruin. Looking northward, we see the monument on Bembridge cliffs and the sea-mark on Ashey Down; while on the opposite side the St. Catherine's beacon and Cook's Castle stand out amongst a number of minor pillars. We had been discussing some question of æsthetics on our way, and as we gazed round upon this exquisite view—a mere hackneyed English scene, it is true, and perhaps on that account not worth the trouble of a description to those who measure nature with a foot-rule, but lovely, indeed, to anyone who worships beauty for its own sake, and acknowledges it wherever he may find it—my friend inquired of me, “How do you account, on general æsthetic principles, for the pleasure we derive from an obelisk?”

The question was not one to be answered in a moment. Indeed, the actual analysis into simple psychological elements of any æsthetic object, however slight, is a lengthy task; for many separate factors, intellectual, emotional, and sensuous, must be taken into consideration and duly co-ordinated. We talked over the point as we returned to Ventnor, and several other observations occurred to me in the course of our rambles

afterwards ; so I propose to set down in this paper the net result of our joint investigations. The starting point of our exposition will seem at first sight sufficiently remote from any question, either of obelisks or of æsthetics, but I trust that as I proceed its relevancy to the main subject will become clearer.

A baby of my acquaintance, aged seven months, is very fond of hearing a spoon knocked against a finger-glass. One day the spoon was put into her hands, and after a series of random efforts she at last succeeded, half by accident, in striking the glass and producing the musical note which pleases her. This performance gave her the most intense delight, as was evidenced by her smiles and chuckles. She continued her endeavours with varying success, and soon learnt how to direct her muscles so as to bring about the desired effect. Every exercise of this power gives her acute pleasure, and is followed by a crow of excitement and a glance around which asks mutely for the sympathy or approbation of bystanders. Evidently, even at this early age, the gratification of power, the pleasure of successful effort, is a feeling within the range of her unfolding intelligence.

Another baby, half a year older, is in the habit of pursing her lips and blowing upon her papa, who thereupon pretends to be knocked down, and falls upon the carpet. In this case the gratification is even more evident, and the supposed effect is more conspicuous and striking. Other children, again, push down grown-up people with their hands, and are delighted at their resistless fall. The main element in all these pleasures is the production of a noticeable effect ; and it is obviously desirable, both for the individual and the race, that such efficient action should be followed by pleasurable feeling. The power to produce great mechanical results and the will to initiate them are necessary factors of success in the struggle for life amongst the higher animals.

Boys a little more advanced in nervous and muscular development derive analogous pleasure from somewhat similar exercises. They love to roll huge stones close to the edge of a hill, and then watch them tearing down its slopes, rooting up the plants or shrubs, and thundering into the valley beneath. At other times they band together to fling a small boulder into a lake, and revel in the exhibition of power given by its splash and roar. And this enjoyment is probably not confined to human beings ; for our congeners, the monkeys, delight in similar displays ; and those of them who are trained in the Malay peninsula to pick and fling down cocoa-nuts from the palms, chuckle and grin over each nut as it falls, with true boyish merriment.

But the most conspicuous manifestation of these feelings is to be seen when the constructive faculty comes into play. The first desire of children in their games is to build *something big*, a visible trophy of their architectural skill. On the sea-shore they pile up great mounds of sand, or dig a pit surrounded by a mimic rampart. If they can get at a heap of bricks or deal planks, they will arrange them in a pyramid, and will judge their success by the height which they can attain. Indoors their

ambition finds vent in card-houses, or lofty edifices of wooden blocks. In winter, the big snowball forms a never-failing centre of attraction; while American and Canadian boys obtain a firm material in the frozen snow for neatly-built palaces which sometimes outlast an entire week. But, above all, it is important in every case to notice that children invariably call the attention of older people to these great effects which their hands and arms have produced. The first element of the sublime is possibly to be sought in this sympathetic admiration for the big products of childish effort.

Amongst the earliest works of human art which are yet left to us from the sacrilegious hands of landlords and pachas, the same love for something big is still to be noticed. The chieftain's body lies beneath a big tumulus, or its resting-place is marked by a cromlech of big unhewn stones. The Gael crowns his mountain top with a monstrous cairn; the Cymry pile the long avenues of Carnac; or perhaps a still earlier race lift into their places the huge rocks of Stonehenge. Italy and Greece still show us the Cyclopean masonry of Volaterræ and Tiryns; while further east, the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the colossal Memnon, the endless colonnades of Karnak, bear witness to the self-same delight in bigness for its own sake, as a monument of power, personal or vicarious.

So here, almost without knowing it, we have traced back our obelisk to the land of its birth, and seen the main reasons which gave it origin. All phallic speculations would obviously be out of place here; for even if we grant that the obelisk is in its first conception a phallus (which is far from certain), at any rate our present point will be gained if objectors allow us in return that it is a *very big* phallus. Beginning as a rough monolith, in all probability, the obelisk assumed in Egypt the form in which we know it best, a massive, tapering, sharply-pointed square column of polished granite. A few more words must be devoted to its historical growth before we pass on to its modern æsthetic value.

Egypt is the land of colossi. The notion of bigness seems to have held a closer grip over the despotic Egyptian mind than over any other psychological specimen with which we are acquainted. It does not need a journey up the Nile to show us their fondness for the immense; half-an-hour at the British Museum is quite sufficient. Now *why* did the Egyptians so revel in enormous works of art? This question is usually answered by saying that their absolute rulers loved thus to show the vastness of their power; and doubtless the answer is very true as far as it goes, and quite falls in with our theory given above. But it does not *always* happen that despotic monarchs build pyramids or Memnons; and the further question suggests itself—what was there in the circumstances of Egypt which determined this special and exceptional display of architectural extravagance? As we cast about for an answer, an analogy strikes us at once. Taking the world as a whole, I think it will be seen that the greatest architectural achievements are to be found in the great plain countries; and that mountain districts are comparatively bare of large edifices. The plain of Lombardy, the plain of the Low Countries, the plain

of Chartres, the lower Rhine valley, the Eastern Counties—these are the spots where our great European cathedrals are to be found ; and if we pass over to Asia, we shall similarly discover the country for pagodas, mosques, and temples in the broad basins of the Euphrates, the Ganges, the Indus, the Hoang-Ho, and the Yang-tze-kiang. No doubt castles and fortresses are to be found everywhere on heights for purposes of defence ; but purely ornamental architecture is most flourishing in level expanses of land. Now there is no level expanse in the world, habitable by man, so utterly unbroken and continuous as the valley of the Nile. Herein, doubtless, we have a clue to the special Egyptian love for colossal undertakings of every sort. Let us proceed to apply it psychologically.

Children at play on the sands do not pile up their great mound in the midst of rocks and boulders. On the contrary, they choose a level space, where no neighbouring object overpeers and casts into the shade their little colossus,—not by premeditation and concert, of course, but by instinctive feeling that a big heap will look bigger just here. So with primitive man ; he puts his tumulus not in the midst of natural elevations which mock his puny efforts, but in some wide plain where its size comes out by contrast with the small objects around. And as civilisation advances, it will naturally follow that man will most indulge his love for conspicuous displays of material power in those places where such displays produce the greatest effect. In mountain countries, man's handiwork is apt to be dwarfed by the proximity of nature's majestic piles, and his *amour propre* is not constantly stimulated to some greater and yet greater achievement ; but in wide and level valleys the effects he can produce are so relatively striking, that every despot is urged on by an overwhelming desire to outdo the triumphs of his predecessors. From Timur's pyramid of skulls to the Arc de l'Etoile in Paris one sees the same spirit of boastfulness, allied with the same predatory instinct, running through the long line of columns, pillars, triumphal arches, and Nelson monuments.

A word must be added to prevent misconception. Undoubtedly some splendid architectural works are to be found in mountainous districts ; but they are the exception not the rule. And even so they are apt to be rather military than ornamental, owing their beauty more to incidental circumstances than to deliberate design. Beginning with the rude earthworks which cap most heights in the British Isles, we go on to the Hellenic Acropolis and the Italian Arx, the ruined castles of Rhineland, the fortress-crowned heights of Stirling and Dumbarton, the frowning battlements of Quebec and Gibraltar. When an ecclesiastical character has been given to such buildings, it seldom quite obscures their original warlike purpose. Most of the churches dedicated to St. Michael, the militant archangel who delights in airy pinnacles, are connected with adjoining fortresses : the cathedrals of Zion and Durham are fronted by the castles of the Prince Bishop ; and the Parthenon or the Capitol do not make us forget the real nature of the Acropolis and the Arx. Such

cases are very different from those of Milan and Cologne, of the Memnonium and the Táj Mahál. Moreover, it is worth noticing that in mountainous or hilly regions the buildings usually crown the highest points, so that nature aids art instead of obscuring it. If a tumulus *must* be placed in a hill country, it is piled on the top of the most conspicuous elevation; and all landmarks, from cairns to Hardy monuments, are perched in similar situations. But this point is one which will come in further on.

Egypt, then, being the flattest of all flat countries, is the one where we might naturally expect the taste for bigness to reach the most portentous development. Aided by the existence of a simple autocracy and an overwhelming military spirit, it produced all those forms of colossi with which we are so familiar; and amongst them our present subject, the obelisk. But so far we have only considered its historical origin; we have now to inquire what are the points about it which give it æsthetic beauty in our eyes at the present day.

In a formal analysis it would be necessary to divide the elements of our feeling into various classes—the sensuous, the emotional, and the intellectual; but for our immediate purpose it will perhaps be better if we take the complex total in its *ensemble*, and notice its different factors in the order of their prominence. To do so properly, let us begin with the obelisk in itself, viewed absolutely, and apart from all considerations of locality, fitness, and association.

As we look up at our present specimen, the first point which strikes us is its *size*. It appeals to the emotion of the sublime in its simplest form, the admiration for the literally great in man's handiwork. We think instinctively, "What a huge mass of stone this is! How it towers up into the air! How many men it must have taken to raise it to that height!" In short, one's earliest feeling is summed up in a note of admiration. The Appuldurcombe Obelisk is formed of separate stones, each of immense size, and we see immediately how impossible it would be for our unaided efforts to roll over even a single one of them. But most other obelisks are monolithic, and in that case our direct affection of the sublime is far more vivid. We picture to ourselves the difficulty of hewing that immense, unbroken mass from the solid rock of its parent quarry; the care that must have been taken to ensure it against fracture or chipping; the mechanical power involved in raising it successfully to its final site, and planting it firmly on its pedestal. The most conspicuous element in our æsthetic pleasure on viewing an obelisk is clearly the sympathetic reflex of that primitive Egyptian delight in something big.

The next element in order of conspicuousness is its *form*. This it is which on the one hand marks off the obelisk, as such, from any other massive monument, and on the other hand adds a further element of beauty when massiveness is wanting. Any obelisk, great or small, pleases us (irrespective of its surroundings) by its graceful tapering shape. It is not like the pyramid, a squat heap of stones, placed in the position

where the least possible mass is supported by the greatest possible base. On the contrary, while the stability of the shaft is sufficiently ensured, its slender dimensions yield the notion of comparative slightness. Nor is it like the column, whose natural purpose is that of a support to some other body, and which always looks ridiculous when surmounted by a figure; an absurdity conspicuous enough in Trafalgar Square and the Place Vendôme, but reaching a culminating point in the meaningless colonnades of the Taylorian Institute at Oxford. The column has no natural termination, and so, when it is wrested from its original intention, it always disappoints us by its useless capital, which obviously implies a superincumbent mass; but the obelisk has no other object to serve save that of beauty, and its summit is planed off into the most graceful and appropriate form. Again, the simplicity of its outline pleases us. If the angles were cut down so as to make an octagonal plinth, we should feel that additional trouble had been taken with no additional effect. But as it now stands, we see in its plain sides and rectangular corners a native grandeur which would be lost by more ambitious decoration. Carve its contour, ornament its simple summit, bevel its straight edges, and all its impressiveness is gone at once.

From these complex considerations of form, mainly composed of intellectual factors, we may pass on to those more elementary ones, the effect of which is rather directly sensuous. The obelisk is bounded by straight lines whose length is not excessive, and whose direction can be followed by the eye with ease and gratification. Its upward tapering form adapts itself admirably to the natural convergence of the lines of vision. Its four sides can be grasped at once without confusion, and its pointed top, levelled all round, gives an obvious and pleasing termination to the muscular sweep. Then, too, it is throughout symmetrical, and that in a manner which requires no effort for its comprehension. If one side bulged a little, if one angle were untrue, if one line of slope at the summit did not "come square" with its neighbour, if anywhere there were a breach of symmetry, an indication of unworkmanlike carelessness, all our pleasure would be gone. But when we see that the artisan has exactly carried out his ideal, simple as that ideal is, we are pleased by the evidence of skill and care, and sensuously gratified by the simplification of our visual act in apprehending the form produced.

Closely allied to these sources of pleasure are those which depend upon the polish of a granite obelisk. Sensuously we derive two kinds of gratification from this property: the visual gloss gives an agreeable stimulus to the eye, while the tactual smoothness affords pleasure to the nervous terminals of the hand. Further, it is intellectually gratifying as another symbol of the care bestowed by the workman upon his work. And when in certain cases we add to the last-named idea the historical conception of the inadequate tools with which our Egyptian artist must have wrought this exquisite sheen, we raise our feeling at once to a far higher emotional level.

But we have not yet exhausted the elements of beauty and interest given by an obelisk, even apart from special circumstances of site and surroundings. Its surface may be deeply scored with hieroglyphics, and this, though in one sense a detriment to the general effect, yet gives a certain detailed interest of its own. We can notice, too, how this carving of the plane surfaces, which nowhere interferes with the typical outline, does not disfigure our obelisk in at all the same way as ornamentation of its edges or summit would disfigure it. The hieroglyphics leave it still essentially the same as ever; while a little floral decoration, a few scrolls or acanthus leaves at its critical points, would make it something totally different and vastly inferior. Again, the mere colour and texture of the stone may form partial elements in the total result. Red granite, closely dappled with points of crystalline transparency, or blue and grey limestone, shining with a dull and subdued glossiness, are in themselves striking components of the beauty which we notice in particular instances.

When we pass on from these immediate and general impressions to those more special ones which are given by historical and geographical association, a whole flood of feelings crowds upon our mind. Let us try to disentangle a few of the most prominent strands, again in the order of their conspicuousness.

Part of our pleasure in viewing such an erection is undoubtedly due to the recognition, "This is an obelisk." Every cognition, as Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us, is a recognition; and every recognition is in itself, apart from specialities, pleasurable. And when an educated man recognises an obelisk as such, he greets it as an old acquaintance, around which cling many interesting associations of time and place. In its origin it is, for our present purpose at least, Egyptian; and we see in it always a certain Egyptian massiveness, solidity, simplicity, grandeur. While to the merest child or boor it is beautiful for its form, its height, its size, its gloss, its texture—to the cultivated mind it is further beautiful for its suggestions of a dim past, a great empire, a forgotten language, a mighty race, now gone for ever, but once the teachers and pioneers of humanity on its upward struggle to light. We cannot divorce from our recognition of its shape and name some dim recollection of its history and its birthplace. When we meet it in the cemeteries of Western America, or on the hill sides of sub-tropical Australia, it carries us back, perhaps unconsciously, but none the less effectively, over a thousand miles and ten thousand years to the temple-courts of Meroe or the mitred presence of Amenoph.

If we feel thus in the case of any obelisk, still more do we feel so in the case of an actual Egyptian obelisk. It makes a great difference in the impressiveness of each particular block of stone whether it was hewn a myriad of years ago in the quarries of Syene, or last year in the quarries of Aberdeen. The sublime in its most developed forms comes in to complicate our simple sense of beauty when we have to deal with

long-past time and the relics of ancient empire. There is a great gulf between the child's admiration for that big pillar of polished rock and the cultivated man's half awe-struck gaze upon that sculptured monument of the earliest great civilisation whose memory has come down to us across the abyss of ages.

More or less remotely present in some few minds will be the still earlier history of that smooth needle of serpentine. The fancy will run back to those primæval days when the action of seething subterranean waves melted together and fixed into solid crystal the intricate veins of green and russet whose mazes traverse its surface. But the eyes that so turn backward instinctively to the first beginnings of mundane things are as yet but very few, and we need hardly follow out their speculations further; rather satisfying ourselves with the passing observation that each such prolongation of our field of vision lays open before us wider and yet wider expanses for the exercise of our æsthetic faculties in the regions of the highest and truest sublime.

Thus we have unravelled a few among the many tangled threads of semi-automatic consciousness which go to make up our idea of beauty in the case of an obelisk in itself, regarded without any reference to place or time. Let us now turn our attention awhile to the question of surrounding circumstances, and inquire how far the beauty of every particular obelisk depends upon its harmony with neighbouring objects.

There is a Dissenting chapel in Oxford, the four corners of whose roof are decorated—as I suppose the architect fondly hoped—with four obelisks of painted stucco. I have often noticed in passing this chapel that each separate obelisk, regarded apart from its incongruous position, is capable of yielding considerable pleasure on the score of form alone, even in spite of the poor and flimsy material of which it is composed. Some faint odour of Egyptian solidity, some evanescent tinge of architectural grace, still clings individually about every one of these brick and plaster monstrosities. Shoddy though they are, they nevertheless suggest the notion of massive stone, which custom has associated with the shape in which they are cast. But when the eye turns from each isolated pillar to the whole of which they form a part, the utter incongruity of their position overwhelms one with its absurdity. Wherever else an obelisk ought to be set, it is clear that it should not be set at every angle of a roof.

On the other hand, as we look away from Appuldurcombe over to the monuments which mark and individualise every ridge in the distance, we see that an obelisk placed on a commanding natural height, in a solitary conspicuous position, adds to the beauty of certain scenes instead of detracting from it. Certain scenes, I am careful to say; for there are some wild rocky districts where such puny decorations only reveal a miserable Cockney conceit. But in typical English undulating country—such a country as that which swells on every side of Appuldurcombe—with its gentle alternation of hill and dale, dotted with church towers

and stately mansions, a monument on every greater ridge is an unmitigated boon. It gives the eye a salient object on which to rest as it sweeps the horizon. It makes up in part for the want of jutting peaks or glacier-worn bosses. Above all, it harmonises with the general evidences of cultivation and painstaking human endeavour. In a highland glen we look for unmixed nature—purple heather, brown and naked rock, brawling stream, rugged hill-side, and lonely fir-trees beaten and distorted by the wind. But in a graceful English scene like this, we are gratified by the triumph of man's art—level lawns, green or golden cornfields, lofty steeples, smooth parks shaded with majestic and evenly-grown oaks. So, in the first case, we are displeased by any obtrusion of would-be artistic handicraft, such as the eighteenth century officiously foisted upon the scenery it admired; while in the second case we find in these purely ornamental structures the final touch which finishes off an artificial landscape. In such circumstances the obelisk is a symbol of loving care, giving to the complex picture the one element which it lacks.

Whatever may have been the original purpose of the obelisk—and we can hardly doubt that it had once a religious signification—its modern use is the one thus indicated, as a mark or salient point to fix the eye upon a critical site, either in a close area or an extended prospect. When we employ it to decorate a town, we place it in some open and conspicuous situation, either in the centre of a square, or where roads diverge, or at the apex of a triangular green, or at the point of bisection in one side of a bi-laterally symmetrical oblong. When we use it for rural decoration, we perch it on the summit of a rounded and sloping hill. It does not look well on an elevation which already possesses a natural peak or well marked crest; but it serves admirably to fasten the eye on the otherwise doubtful crown of a long and sweeping ridge. Again, such a pillar would be absurd half-way up a hill, where it would hardly come out against the neighbouring background of green; but it stands up with a pleasing boldness against the cold grey and somewhat monotonous sky-line of an English down. In short, an obelisk, viewed apart from its own individuality, and with reference to the whole scene in which it fills a place, is essentially a mark to call attention to the site on which it stands. Of course a column often serves the same purpose; but then, a column serves it badly, and an obelisk serves it well. It is just because it does so that it has survived to the present day.

If we look at a few such individual cases we shall find yet other elements in the complex feeling of beauty and fitness. There is the Luxor Obelisk in the Place de la Concorde. Here we have all the usual points which belong to the form as such, to the massive and monolithic character, to the high polish and sombre colouring, to the quaint and suggestive hieroglyphics with which it is deeply scored; and we have also the additional points given by its central and symmetrical position in a noble square, marking as it were a node in the long vista which reaches

to the Louvre on the one side and the Arc de Triomphe on the other: but over and above all these factors in our complex emotional state, there is a strange sense of irony in the collocation of that mute memorial of a solid and patient primeval race beside the gilded dome of the Invalides, the brand-new architectural elegancies of the Haussmann order, and the frivolous modern throng which pours ceaselessly past it up the Champs Elysées. I have seen that relic of the Pharaohs illuminated with gas jets and coloured lanterns in honour of the Fête Napoléon. And yet few will be disposed to deny that there is, by reason of this very contrast, a sort of odd fitness in the present position of the Luxor Obelisk.

Now let us turn to a very different instance, the Speke memorial in Kensington Gardens. Here we have to deal with a perfectly modern specimen, lacking all the historical interest of the Colonne de Luxor. But we have still the graceful form, the hard and solid material, the glistening surface, the suggestion of antique workmanship. And here the obelisk stands at the end of a green vista, it is approached by a close-cut sward, and it forms a pleasant termination to a pretty, if strictly artificial, scene. Moreover, there is a solemn appropriateness in the choice of an old Egyptian form for the commemoration of a fearless and ill-fated Nile explorer; while the brevity and simplicity of the legend—the single word “Speke” engraved on its base—is in admirable keeping with the general characteristics of the obelisk. On the whole, it is probably the best chosen and best situated monument in London.

Another similar structure with which many of us are familiar may supply a passing illustration. It is a column this time, not an obelisk, but it will serve equally well to point the moral in hand. On the heights which bound the valley of the Niagara and overlook the sleepy waters of Lake Ontario stands a Corinthian column, surmounted by a statue, and known as Brock's monument. As one passes down the river, leaving behind the great cataract itself, and the pine-clad ravine through which the whirlpool rapids surge with ceaseless foam, a turn of the stream brings one suddenly in view of a level reach which forms part of the monotonous Ontario basin. Brock's monument stands at the very edge of the higher lands before they dip into this low-lying plain. If it stood in Waterloo Place the visitor would pass it by with the same carelessly contemptuous glance which he vouchsafes in passing to the Duke of York's Column. But on the banks of a great American stream the righteous indignation which man naturally feels towards a supporter with nothing to support is waived in favour of other associations. In the midst of a wide half-tilled expanse, still dotted with stumps of trees and interspersed with shabby wooden villages, that tall shaft of sculptured stone, in memory of a British soldier, has an air of European solidity and ancient civilisation that contrasts well with the shuffling modern appearance of everything else in the prospect. All other human additions to the neighbourhood of Niagara—the big wooden hotels with

their sham cupolas, the line of bazaars with their sham Indians, the paper-mills of Luna island with their intensely realistic appurtenances—are simply hideous. But that one touch of familiar European art, spurious as it is in itself, can hardly fail to raise a thrill of pleasurable surprise and grateful recognition in every visitor from the older lands across the Atlantic.

Perhaps it is this very consciousness of contrast which fills Greenwood and Mount Auburn with Ionic temples or Roman mausoleums. Bad as is generally the taste displayed in such structures and the choice of their position, an occasional success half redeems the many failures. A monument which struck me much in this respect is situated in the graveyard of a church in the mountain district of Jamaica. As you ride down from the Newcastle cantonment you pass through a narrow horse-path, almost choked with tropical ferns, wild brushwood, and spreading aloe-plants. But when you reach this little churchyard, neatly kept and planted with English looking flowers, you see a plain obelisk of polished Aberdonian granite, whose simple gracefulness could not offend the most fastidious eye, while the evidence of care and comparative culture strikes the mind at once with a pleasant relief.

There are many other cases nearer home of similar erections which might be examined, did space permit, such as the Baxter monument near Kidderminster, the various London and Paris columns, the Colonne de la Grande Armée at Boulogne, and so forth. But the instances already given will suffice to mark the complexity which is introduced by consideration of surrounding circumstances. It would be interesting, too, to compare them as regards their origin and purpose, their harmonies and contrasts, with the Highland cairn and the Welsh *maen-hir*, the white horses of Calne and Wantage, the arches of Titus and Severus, the pillars of Byzantium, the minarets of Delhi, the pagodas of Kew and Peking, the campanili of Italy, the steeples of our own village churches, and the Albert, Scott, Stewart, and Martyrs' memorials. But such a treatment of the subject would probably prove too exhaustive for even the most minutely conscientious student, and perhaps their relations are sufficiently hinted even in the brief list we have just strung together. Let us pass on to see the net results of our previous inquiry.

At first sight few æsthetic objects could seem simpler of explanation than an obelisk. Compared with an historical painting, or a lyric poem, or an operatic aria, or even a landscape, it is but a single element by the side of the many which go to compose those complex wholes. But when we proceeded to analyse this seemingly elementary factor in the whole scene which lay before us from Appuldurcombe, we saw that it is really itself made up of a thousand different threads of feeling, sensuous, intellectual, and emotional. While most theorists are ready to account for every manifestation of beauty by a single uniform principle, actual analysis revealed to us the fact that even the most apparently uncompounded perception depended for its pleasurable effect upon a whole mass

of complicated causes. Some of these factors are immediate and universal, appealing to the senses of child and savage and cultivated man alike; others are mediate and special, being entirely relative to the knowledge and emotional constitution of the individual percipient. We will sum them up briefly under the different categories into which they would fall in a systematic scheme of our æsthetic nature.

Sensuously, the obelisk has tactual smoothness and visual gloss; a simple, graceful, and easily-apprehended form, and sometimes delicate or variegated colouring, as well as crystalline texture. In special cases it may also afford harmonious relief from neighbouring tints, and may stand out with pleasing boldness against a monotonous horizon.

Emotionally, the obelisk appeals to the affection of the sublime, both directly, by its massive size and weight, and indirectly, by its suggestion of remote antiquity and despotic power. It arouses the sympathetic admiration of skill and honest workmanship, and in special cases it recalls historical or geographical associations, and brings back to the spectator familiar scenes in the midst of unfamiliar surroundings, besides yielding grateful evidence of human care and industry.

Intellectually, the obelisk accords with the natural love of symmetry, both in itself, owing to the even arrangement of its sides and angles, and with reference to its surroundings, in those cases where it occupies the central or nodal position in a regular enclosure. In a landscape, it yields us the pleasurable feeling of individuality and recognisability, aiding us in the determination of distant topographical details. In a city, it decorates and defines the noticeable sites. And in all cases alike it produces either the intellectual pleasure resulting from a sense of harmony with neighbouring conditions, or the intellectual discomfort due to a consciousness of discord and incongruity.

Now if an obelisk, with all its apparent simplicity, really involves so immense a number of feelings for its proper perception, we may perhaps form some dim idea of the infinite plexus of feelings which are concerned in the proper perception of a great work of art. We may thus be led, by an easy example, to hesitate before we accept those current æsthetic dogmas which attribute the sense of beauty to any one faculty, intellectual or emotional. And we may conclude that every separate thrill of that developed emotion which we call the consciousness of beauty is ultimately analysable into an immense number of factors, the main and original members of which are purely sensuous, while its minor and derivative members are more or less distinctly ideal. To the child and the savage a beautiful object is chiefly one which gives immediate and pleasurable stimulation to the eye or the ear: to the cultivated man, a beautiful object is still the same in essence, with the superadded gratifications of the highly-evolved intelligence and moral nature.

G. A.

A Mighty Sea-wave.

ON May 10th last a tremendous wave swept the Pacific Ocean from Peru northwards, westwards, and southwards, travelling at a rate many times greater than that of the swiftest express train. For reasons best known to themselves, writers in the newspapers have by almost common consent called this phenomenon a tidal wave. But the tides have had nothing to do with it. Unquestionably the wave resulted from the upheaval of the bed of the ocean in some part of that angle of the Pacific Ocean which is bounded by the shores of Peru and Chili. This region has long been celebrated for tremendous submarine and subterranean upheavals. The opinions of geologists and geographers have been divided as to the real origin of the disturbances by which at one time the land, at another time the sea, and at yet other times (oftener in fact than either of the others) both land and sea have been shaken as by some mighty imprisoned giant struggling, like Prometheus, to cast from his limbs the mountain masses which hold them down. Some consider that the seat of the Vulcanian forces lies deep below that part of the chain of the Andes which lies at the apex of the angle just mentioned, and that the direction of their action varies according to the varying conditions under which the imprisoned gases find vent. Others consider that there are two if not several seats of subterranean activity. Yet others suppose that the real seat of disturbance lies beneath the ocean itself, a view which seems to find support in several phenomena of recent Peruvian earthquakes.

Although we have not as yet full information concerning the great wave which in May last swept across the Pacific, and northwards and southwards along the shores of the two Americas, it may be interesting to consider some of the more striking features of this great disturbance of the so-called peaceful ocean, and to compare them with those which have characterized former disturbances of a similar kind. We may thus, perhaps, find some evidence by which an opinion may be formed as to the real seat of subterranean activity in this region.

It may seem strange, in dealing with the case of a wave which apparently had its origin in or near Peru on May 9, to consider the behaviour of a volcano, distant 5,000 miles from this region, a week before the disturbance took place. But, although the coincidence may possibly have been accidental, yet in endeavouring to ascertain the true seat of disturbance we must overlook no evidence, however seemingly remote, which may throw light on that point; and as the sea-wave gene-

rated by the disturbance reached very quickly the distant region referred to, it is by no means unlikely that the subterranean excitement which the disturbance relieved may have manifested its effects beforehand at the same remote volcanic region. Be this as it may, it is certain that on May 1 the great crater of Kilauea, in the island of Hawaii, became active, and on the 4th severe shocks of earthquake were felt at the Volcano House. At three in the afternoon a jet of lava was thrown up to a height of about 100 feet, and afterwards some fifty jets came into action. Subsequently jets of steam issued along the line formed by a fissure four miles in length down the mountain side. The disturbance lessened considerably on the 5th, and an observing party examined the crater. They found that a rounded hill, 700 feet in height, and 1,400 feet in diameter, had been thrown up on the plain which forms the floor of the crater. Fire and scoria were spouted up in various places.

Before rejecting utterly the belief that the activity thus exhibited in the Hawaii volcano had its origin in the same subterrene or submarine region as the Peruvian earthquake, we should remember that other regions scarcely less remote have been regarded as forming part of this great vulcanian district. The violent earthquakes which occurred at New Madrid, in Missouri, in 1812, took place at the same time as the earthquake of Caraccas, the West Indian volcanoes being simultaneously active; and earthquakes had been felt in South Carolina for several months before the destruction of Caraccas and La Guayra. Now we have abundant evidence to show that the West Indian volcanoes are connected with the Peruvian and Chilian regions of vulcanian energy, and the Chilian region is about as far from New Madrid as Arica in Peru from the Sandwich Isles.

It was not, however, until about half-past eight on the evening of May 9 that the Peruvian earthquake began. A severe shock, lasting from four to five minutes, was felt along the entire southern coast, even reaching Autofagasta. The shock was so severe that it was impossible, in many places, to stand upright. It was succeeded by several others of less intensity.

While the land was thus disturbed, the sea was observed to be gradually receding, a movement which former experiences have taught the Peruvians to regard with even more terror than the disturbance of the earth itself. The waters which had thus withdrawn, as if concentrating their energies to leap more fiercely on their prey, presently returned in a mighty wave, which swept past Callao, travelling southwards with fearful velocity, while in its train followed wave after wave, until no less than eight had taken their part in the work of destruction. At Mollendo the railway was torn up by the sea for a distance of 300 feet. A violent hurricane which set in afterwards from the south prevented all vessels from approaching, and unroofed most of the houses in the town. At Arica the people were busily engaged in preparing temporary fortifications to repel a threatened assault of the rebel ram *Huiscar*, at the

moment when the roar of the earthquake was heard. The shocks here were very numerous, and caused immense damage in the town, the people flying to the Morro for safety. The sea was suddenly perceived to recede from the beach, and a wave from ten feet to fifteen feet in height rolled in upon the shore, carrying before it all that it met. Eight times was this assault of the ocean repeated. The earthquake had levelled to the ground a portion of the custom-house, the railway-station, the submarine cable office, the hotel, the British Consulate, the steamship agency, and many private dwellings. Owing to the early hour of the evening, and the excitement attendant on the proposed attack of the *Huiscar*, every one was out and stirring; but the only loss of life which was reported is that of three little children who were overtaken by the water. The progress of the wave was only stopped at the foot of the hill on which the church stands, which point is further inland than that reached in August 1868. Four miles of the embankment of the railway were swept away like sand before the wind. Locomotives, cars, and rails, were hurled about by the sea like so many playthings, and left in a tumbled mass of rubbish.

The account proceeds to say that the United States' steamer *Waters*, stranded by the bore of 1868, was lifted up bodily by the wave at Arica and floated two miles north of her former position. The reference is no doubt to the double-ender *Watertree*, not stranded by a bore (a term utterly inapplicable to any kind of sea-wave at Arica, where there is no large river), but carried in by the great wave which followed the earthquake of August 13. The description of the wave at Arica on that occasion should be compared with that of the wave last May. About twenty minutes after the first earth shock the sea was seen to retire as if about to leave the shores wholly dry; but presently its waters returned with tremendous force. A mighty wave, whose length seemed immeasurable, was seen advancing like a dark wall upon the unfortunate town, a large part of which was overwhelmed by it. Two ships, the Peruvian corvette *America*, and the American double-ender *Watertree*, were carried nearly half a mile to the north of Arica, beyond the railroad which runs to Tacna, and there left stranded high and dry. As the English vice-consul at Arica estimated the height of this enormous wave at fully fifty feet, it would not seem that the account of the wave of last May has been exaggerated, for a much less height is, as we have seen, attributed to it, though, as it carried the *Watertree* still farther inland, it must have been higher. The small loss of life can be easily understood, when we consider that the earthquake was not followed instantly by the sea-wave. Warned by the experience of the earthquake of 1868, which most of them must have remembered, the inhabitants sought safety on the higher grounds until the great wave and its successors had flowed in. We read that the damage done was greater than that caused by the previous calamity, the new buildings erected since 1868 being of a more costly and substantial class. Merchandise from the custom-house and

stores was carried by the water to a point on the beach five miles distant.

At Iquique, in 1868, the great wave was estimated at fifty feet in height. We are told that it was black with the mud and slime of the sea bottom. "Those who witnessed its progress from the upper balconies of their houses, and presently saw its black mass rushing close beneath their feet, looked on their safety as a miracle. Many buildings were, indeed, washed away, and in the low-lying parts of the town there was a terrible loss of life." Last May the greatest mischief at Iquique would seem to have been caused by the earthquake, not by the sea-wave, though this also was destructive in its own way. "Iquique," we are told, "is in ruins. The movement was experienced there at the same time and with the same force [as at Africa]. Its duration was exactly four minutes and a third. It proceeded from the south-east, exactly from the direction of Ilağa." The houses built of wood and cane tumbled down at the first attack, lamps were broken, and the burning oil spread over and set fire to the ruins. Three companies of firemen, German, Italian, and Peruvian, were instantly at their posts, although it was difficult to maintain an upright position, shock following shock with dreadful rapidity. Nearly 400,000 quintals of nitrate in the stores at Iquique and the adjacent ports of Molle and Pisagua were destroyed. The British barque *Caprera* and a German barque sank, and all the coasting craft and small boats in the harbour were broken to pieces and drifted about in every direction.

At Chanavaya, a small town at the guano-loading deposit known as Pabellon de Pica, only two houses were left standing out of four hundred. Here the earthquake shock was specially severe. In some places the earth opened in crevices seventeen yards deep, and the whole surface of the ground was changed. The shipping along the Peruvian and Bolivian coast suffered terribly. The list of vessels lost or badly injured at Pabellon de Pica alone reads like the list of a fleet.

We have been particular in thus describing the effects produced by the earthquake and sea-wave on the shores of South America, in order that the reader may recognise in the disturbance produced there the real origin of the great wave which a few hours later reached the Sandwich Isles, 5,000 miles away. Doubt has been entertained respecting the possibility of a wave, other than the tidal wave, being transmitted right across the Pacific. Although in August 1868 the course of the great wave which swept from some region near Peru, not only to the Sandwich Isles, but in all directions over the entire ocean, could be clearly traced, there were some who considered the connection between the oceanic phenomena and the Peruvian earthquake a mere coincidence. It is on this account perhaps chiefly that the evidence obtained last May is most important. It is interesting, indeed, as showing how tremendous was the disturbance which the earth's frame must then have undergone. It would have been possible, however, had we no other evidence, for some to have maintained that the wave which came in upon the shores of the

Sandwich Isles a few hours after the earthquake and sea disturbance in South America was in reality an entirely independent phenomenon. But when we compare the events which happened last May with those of August 1868, and perceive their exact similarity, we can no longer reasonably entertain any doubt of the really stupendous fact that *the throes of the earth in and near Peru are of sufficient energy to send an oceanic wave right across the Pacific*, and of such enormous height at starting, that, after travelling with necessarily diminishing height the whole way to Hawaii, it still rises and falls through thirty-six feet. The real significance of this amazing oceanic disturbance is exemplified by the wave circles which spread around the spot where a stone has fallen into a smooth lake. We know how, as the circle widens, the height of the wave grows less and less, until at no great distance from the centre of disturbance the wave can no longer be discerned, so slight is the slope of its advancing and following faces. How tremendous, then, must have been the upheaval of the bed of ocean by which wave-circles were sent across the Pacific, retaining, after travelling five thousand miles from the centre of disturbance, the height of a two-storied house. In 1868, indeed, we know (now even more certainly than then) that the wave travelled very much farther, reaching the shores of Japan, of New Zealand, and of Australia, even if it did not make its way through the East Indian Archipelago to the Indian Ocean, as some observations seem to show. Doubtless we shall hear in the course of the next few months of the corresponding effects of the spread of last May's mighty wave athwart the Pacific, though the dimensions of the wave of last May, when it reached the Sandwich Isles, fell far short of those of the great wave of August 13-14, 1868.

It will be well to make a direct comparison between the waves of May last and August 1868 in this respect, as also with regard to the rate at which they would seem to have traversed the distance between Peru and Hawaii. On this last point, however, it must be noted that we cannot form an exact opinion until we have ascertained the real region of vulcanian disturbance on each occasion. It is possible that a careful comparison of times, and of the direction in which the wave front advanced upon different shores, might serve to show where this region lay. We should not be greatly surprised to learn that it was far from the continent of South America.

The great wave reached the Sandwich Isles between four and five on the morning of May 10, corresponding to about five hours later of Peruvian time. An oscillation only was first observed at Hilo, on the east coast of the great southern island of Hawaii, the wave itself not reaching the village till about a quarter before five. The greatest difference between the crest and trough of the wave was found to be thirty-six feet here; but at the opposite side of the island, in Kealakekua Bay (where Captain Cook died), amounted only to thirty feet. *In other places the difference was much less, being in some only three feet, a cir-

cumstance doubtless due to interference, waves which had reached the same spot along different courses chancing so to arrive that the crest of one corresponded with the trough of the other, so that the resulting wave was only the difference of the two. We must explain, however, in the same way, the highest waves of thirty-six to forty feet, which were doubtless due to similar interference, crest agreeing with crest and trough with trough, so that the resulting wave was the sum of the two which had been divided, and had reached the same spot along different courses. It would follow that the higher of the two waves was about twenty-one feet high, the lower about eighteen feet high; but as some height would be lost in the encounter with the shore line, wherever it lay, on which the waves divided, we may fairly assume that in the open ocean, before reaching the Sandwich group, the wave had a height of nearly thirty feet from trough to crest. We read, in accordance with this explanation, that "the regurgitations of the sea were violent and complex, and continued through the day."

The wave, regarded as a whole, seems to have reached all the islands at the same time. If this is confirmed by later accounts, we shall be compelled to conclude that the wave reached the group with its front parallel to the length of the group, so that it must have come (arriving as it did from the side towards which Hilo lies) from the north-east. It was then not the direct wave from Peru, but the wave reflected from the shores of California, which produced the most marked effects. We can understand well, this being so, that the regurgitations of the sea were complex. Any one who has watched the inflow of waves on a beach so lying within an angle of the shore, that while one set of waves comes straight in from the sea, another thwart set comes from the shore forming the other side of the angle, will understand how such waves differ from a set of ordinary rollers. The crests of the two sets form a sort of network, ever changing as each set rolls on; and considering any one of the four-cornered meshes of this wave-net, the observer will notice that while the middle of the raised sides rises little above the surrounding level, because here the crests of one set cross the troughs of the other, the corners of each quadrangle are higher than they would be in either set taken separately, while the middle of the four-cornered space is correspondingly depressed. The reason is that at the corners of the wave net crests join with crests to raise the water surface, which in the middle of the net (not the middle of the sides, but the middle of the space enclosed by the four sides) trough joins with trough to depress the water surface.*

* The phenomena here described are well worth observing on their own account as affording a very instructive and at the same time very beautiful illustration of wave motions. They can be well seen at many of our watering-places. The same laws of wave motion can be readily illustrated also by throwing two stones into a large smooth pool at points a few yards apart. The crossing of the two sets of circular waves produces a wave-net, the meshes of which vary in shape according to their position.

We must take into account the circumstance that the wave which reached Hawaii last May was probably reflected from the Californian coast when we endeavour to determine the rate at which the sea disturbance was propagated across the Atlantic. The direct wave would have come sooner, and may have escaped notice because arriving in the night-time, as it would necessarily have done if a wave which travelled to California, and thence, after reflexion, to the Sandwich group, arrived there at a quarter before five in the morning following the Peruvian earthquake. We shall be better able to form an opinion on this point after considering what happened in August 1868.

The earth throes on that occasion was felt in Peru about five minutes past five on the evening of August 13. Twelve hours later, or shortly before midnight, August 13, Sandwich Island time (corresponding to 5 p.m., August 14, Peruvian time), the sea round the group of the Sandwich Isles rose in a surprising manner, "insomuch that many thought the islands were sinking, and would shortly subside altogether beneath the waves. Some of the smaller islands were for a time completely submerged. Before long, however, the sea fell again, and as it did so the observers found it impossible to resist the impression that the islands were rising bodily out of the water. For no less than three days this strange oscillation of the sea continued to be experienced, the most remarkable ebbs and floods being noticed at Honolulu, on the island of *Woahoo*."

The distance between Honolulu and Arica is about 6,300 statute miles; so that, if the wave travelled directly from the shores of Peru to the Sandwich Isles, it must have advanced at an average rate of about 525 miles an hour (about 450 knots an hour). This is nearly half the rate at which the earth's surface near the equator is carried round by the earth's rotation, or is about the rate at which parts in latitude 62 or 63 degrees north are carried round by rotation; so that the motion of the great wave in 1868 was fairly comparable with one of the movements which we are accustomed to regard as cosmical. We shall presently have something more to say on this point.

Now last May, as we have seen, the wave reached Hawaii at about a quarter to five in the morning, corresponding to about ten Peruvian time. Since, then, the earthquake was felt in Peru at half-past eight on the previous evening, it follows that the wave, if it travelled directly from Peru, must have taken about $13\frac{1}{2}$ hours, or an hour and a half longer, in travelling from Peru to the Sandwich Isles, than it took in August 1868. This is unlikely, because ocean waves travel nearly at the same rate in the same parts of the ocean, whatever their dimensions, so only that they are large. We have, then, in the difference of time occupied by the wave in May last and in August 1868, in reaching Hawaii, some corroboration of the result to which we were led by the arrival of the wave simultaneously at all the islands of the Sandwich group—the inference, namely, that the observed wave had reached these

islands after reflexion from the Californian shore line. As the hour when the direct wave probably reached Hawaii was about a quarter past three in the morning, when not only was it night-time but also a time when few would be awake to notice the rise and fall of the sea, it seems not at all improbable that the direct wave escaped notice, and that the wave actually observed was the reflected wave from California. The direction, also, in which the oscillation was first observed corresponds well with this explanation.

It is clear that the wave which traversed the Pacific last May was somewhat inferior in size to that of August 1868, which therefore still deserves to be called (as then by the present writer) the greatest sea-wave ever known. The earthquake, indeed, which preceded the oceanic disturbance of 1868 was far more destructive than that of May last, and the waves which came in upon the Peruvian and Bolivian shores were larger. Nevertheless, the wave of last May was not so far inferior to that of August 1868 but that we may expect to hear of its course being traced athwart the entire extent of the Pacific Ocean.

When we consider the characteristic features of the Peruvian and Chilean earthquakes, and especially when we note how wide is the extent of the region over which their action is felt in one way or another, it can scarcely be doubted that the earth's vulcanian energies are at present more actively at work throughout that region than in any other. There is nothing so remarkable, one may even say so stupendous, in the history of subterranean disturbance as the alternation of mighty earth-throes by which, at one time, the whole of the Chilean Andes seem disturbed and anon the whole of the Peruvian Andes. In Chili scarce a year ever passes without earthquakes, and the same may be said of Peru; but so far as great earthquakes are concerned the activity of the Peruvian region seems to synchronise with the comparative quiescence of the Chilean region, and *vice versa*. Thus, in 1797, the terrible earthquake occurred known as the earthquake of Riobamba, which affected the entire Peruvian earthquake region. Thirty years later a series of tremendous throes shook the whole of Chili, permanently elevating the whole line of coast to the height of several feet. During the last ten years the Peruvian region has in turn been disturbed by great earthquakes. It should be added that between Chili and Peru there is a region about five hundred miles in length in which scarcely any volcanic action has been observed. And singularly enough, "this very portion of the Andes, to which one would imagine that the Peruvians and Chilians would fly as to a region of safety, is the part most thinly inhabited; insomuch that, as Von Buch observes, it is in some places entirely deserted."

One can readily understand that this enormous double region of earthquakes, whose oscillations on either side of the central region of comparative rest may be compared to the swaying of a mighty see-saw on either side of its point of support, should be capable of giving birth to throes propelling sea-waves across the Pacific Ocean. The throes actually ex-

perienced at any given place is relatively but an insignificant phenomenon, it is the disturbance of the entire region over which the throe is felt which must be considered in attempting to estimate the energy of the disturbing cause. The region shaken by the earthquake of 1868, for instance, was equal to at least a fourth of Europe, and probably to fully one-half. From Quito southwards as far as Iquique—or along a full third part of the length of the South American Andes—the shock produced destructive effects. It was also distinctly felt far to the north of Quito, far to the south of Iquique, and inland to enormous distances. The disturbing force which thus shook 1,000,000 square miles of the earth's surface must have been one of almost inconceivable energy. If directed entirely to the upheaval of a land region no larger than England, those forces would have sufficed to have destroyed utterly every city, town, and village within such a region; if directed entirely to the upheaval of an oceanic region, they would have been capable of raising a wave which would have been felt on every shore-line of the whole earth. Divided even between the ocean on the one side and a land region larger than Russia in Europe on the other, those vulcanian forces shook the whole of the land region and sent athwart the largest of our earth's oceans a wave which ran in upon shores 10,000 miles from the centre of disturbance with a crest thirty feet high. Forces such as these may fairly be regarded as cosmical; they show unmistakably that the earth has by no means settled down into that condition of repose in which some geologists still believe. We may ask with the late Sir Charles Lyell whether, after contemplating the tremendous energy thus displayed by the earth, any geologist will continue to assert that the changes of relative level of land and sea, so common in former ages of the world, have now ceased? and agree with him that if, in the face of such evidence, a geologist persists in maintaining this favourite dogma, it would be vain to hope, by accumulating proofs of similar convulsions during a series of ages, to shake the tenacity of his conviction—

*Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae.*

But there is one aspect in which such mighty sea-waves as, in 1868 and again last May, have swept over the surface of our terrestrial oceans, remains yet to be considered.

The oceans and continents of our earth must be clearly discernible from her nearer neighbours among the planets—from Venus and Mercury on the inner side of her path around the sun, and from Mars (though under less favourable conditions) from the outer side. When we consider, indeed, that the lands and seas of Mars can be clearly discerned with telescopic aid from our earth at a distance of forty millions of miles, we perceive that our earth, seen from Venus at little more than half this distance, must present a very interesting appearance. Enlarged, owing to greater proximity, nearly fourfold, having a diameter nearly twice as

great as that of Mars, so that at the same distance her disc would seem more than three times as large, more brightly illuminated by the sun in the proportion of about five to two, she would shine with a lustre exceeding that of Mars, when in full brightness in the midnight sky, about thirty times; and all her features would of course be seen with correspondingly increased distinctness. Moreover, the oceans of our earth are so much larger in relative extent than those of Mars, covering nearly three-fourths instead of barely one-half of the surface of the world they belong to, that they would appear as far more marked and characteristic features than the seas and lakes of Mars. When the Pacific Ocean, indeed, occupies centrally the disc of the earth which at the moment is turned towards any planet, nearly the whole of that disc must appear to be covered by the ocean. Under such circumstances the passage of a wide-spreading series of waves over the Pacific, at the rate of about 500 miles an hour, is a phenomenon which could scarcely fail to be discernible from Venus or Mercury, if either planet chanced to be favourably placed for the observation of the earth—always supposing there were observers in Mercury or Venus, and that these observers were provided with powerful telescopes.

It must be remembered that the waves which spread over the Pacific on August 13-14, 1868, and again on May 9-10 last, were not only of enormous range in length (measured along crest or trough), but also of enormous breadth (measured from crest to crest, or from trough to trough). Were it otherwise, indeed, the progress of a wave forty or fifty feet high (at starting, and thirty-five feet high after travelling 6,000 miles), at the rate of 500 miles per hour, must have proved destructive to ships in the open ocean as well as along the shore line. Suppose, for instance, the breadth of the wave from crest to crest one mile, then, in passing under a ship at the rate of 500 miles per hour, the wave would raise the ship from trough to crest—that is, through a height of forty feet—in one-thousandth part of an hour (for the distance from trough to crest is but half the breadth of the wave), or in less than four seconds, lowering it again in the same short interval of time, lifting and lowering it at the same rate several successive times. The velocity with which the ship would travel upwards and downwards would be greatest when she was midway in her ascent and descent, and would then be equal to about the velocity with which a body strikes the ground after falling from a height of four yards. It is hardly necessary to say that small vessels subjected to such tossing as this would inevitably be swamped. On even the largest ships the effect of such motion would be most unpleasantly obvious. Now, as a matter of fact, the passage of the great sea-wave in 1868 was not noticed at all on board ships in open sea. Even within sight of the shore of Peru, where the oscillation of the sea was most marked, the motion was such that its effects were referred to the shore. We are told that observers on the deck of a United States' war-steamer distinctly saw the "peaks of the mountains in the chain of the Cordilleras

wave to and fro like reeds in a storm ;" the fact really being that the deck on which they stood was swayed to and fro. This, too, was in a part of the sea where the great wave had not attained its open sea form, but was a rolling wave, because of the shallowness of the water. In the open sea, we read that the passage of the great sea-wave was no more noticed than is the passage of the tidal wave itself. "Among the hundreds of ships which were sailing upon the Pacific when its length and breadth were traversed by the great sea-wave, there was not one in which any unusual motion was perceived." The inference is clear, that the slope of the advancing and following faces of the great wave was very much less than in the case above imagined ; in other words, that the breadth of the wave greatly exceeded one mile—amounting, in fact, to many miles.

Where the interval between the passage of successive wave-crests was noted, we can tell the actual breadth of the wave. Thus, at the Samoan Isles, in 1868, the crests succeeded each other at intervals of sixteen minutes, corresponding to eight minutes between crest and trough. As we have seen, that if the waves were one mile in breadth, the corresponding interval would be only four seconds, or only 120th part of eight minutes, it would follow that the breadth of the great wave, where it reached the Samoan Isles in 1868, was about 120 miles.

Now a wave extending right athwart the Pacific Ocean, and having a cross breadth of more than 100 miles, would be discernible as a marked feature of the disc of our earth, seen, under the conditions described above, either from Mercury or Venus. It is true that the slope of the wave's advancing and following surfaces would be but slight, yet the difference of illumination under the sun's rays would be recognisable. Then, also, it is to be remembered that there was not merely a single wave, but a succession of many waves. These travelled also with enormous velocity ; and though at the distance of even the nearest planet, the apparent motion of the great wave, swift though it was in reality, would be so far reduced that it would have to be estimated rather than actually seen, yet there would be no difficulty in thus perceiving it with the mind's eye. The rate of motion indeed would almost be exactly the same as that of the equatorial part of the surface of Mars, in consequence of the planet's rotation ; and this (as is well known to telescopists), though not discernible, directly produces, even in a few minutes, changes which a good eye can clearly recognise. We can scarcely doubt then that if our earth were so situated at any time when one of the great waves generated by Peruvian earthquakes is traversing the Pacific that the hemisphere containing this ocean were turned fully illuminated towards Venus (favourably placed for observing her), the disturbance of the Pacific could be observed and measured by telescopists on that planet.

Unfortunately there is little chance that terrestrial observers will ever be able to watch the progress of great waves athwart the oceans of Mars, and still less that any disturbance of the frame of Venus should become

discernible to us by its effects. We can scarce even be assured that there are lands and seas on Venus, so far as direct observation is concerned, so unfavourably is she always placed for observation; and though we see Mars under much more favourable conditions, his seas are too small and would seem to be too shallow (compared with our own) for great waves to traverse them such as could be discerned from the earth.

Yet it may be well to remember the possibility that changes may at times take place in the nearer planets—the terrestrial planets as they are commonly called, Mars, Venus, and Mercury—such as telescopic observation under favourable conditions might detect. Telescopists have, indeed, described apparent changes, lasting only for a short time, in the appearance of one of these planets, Mars, which may fairly be attributed to disturbances affecting its surface in no greater degree than the great Peruvian earthquakes have affected for a time the surface of our earth. For instance, the American astronomer Mitchel says that on the night of July 12, 1845, the bright polar snows of Mars exhibited an appearance never noticed at any preceding or succeeding observation. In the very centre of the white surface appeared a dark spot, which retained its position during several hours. On the following evening not a trace of the spot could be seen. Again the same observer says that on the evening of August 30, 1845, he observed for the first time a small bright spot, nearly or quite round, projecting out of the lower side of the polar spot. "In the early part of the evening," he says, "the small bright spot seemed to be partly buried in the large one. After the lapse of an hour or more my attention was again directed to the planet, when I was astonished to find a manifest change in the position of the small bright spot. It had apparently separated from the large spot, and the edges alone of the two were now in contact, whereas when first seen they overlapped by an amount quite equal to one-third of the diameter of the small one. This, however, was merely an optical phenomenon, for on the next evening the spots went through the same apparent changes, as the planet went through the corresponding part of its rotation. But it showed the spots to be real ice masses. The strange part of the story is that in the course of a few days the smaller spot, which must have been a mass of snow and ice as large as Nova Zembla, gradually disappeared." Probably some great shock had separated an enormous field of ice from the polar snows, and it had eventually been broken up and its fragments carried away from the arctic regions by currents in the Martian oceans. It appears to us that the study of our own earth, and of the changes and occasional convulsions which affect its surface, gives to the observation of such phenomena as we have just described a new interest. Or rather, perhaps, it is not too much to say that telescopic observations of the planets derive their only real interest from such considerations.

The Last Redoubt.

[“With Mehemet Ali.”—*Vide the Times*, September 29.]

KACELYEVO's slope still felt
The cannon's bolts and the rifles' pelt;
For a last redoubt up the hill remained,
By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard;
His lips were clinched and his look was weird;
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

“Clear me the Muscovite out!” he cried.
Then the name of “Allah!” echoed wide,
And the fezzes were waved and the bayonets lowered,
And on to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped;
The second,—a third straight filled his place;
The third,—and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,
Many a throat that cheered was hushed,
Many a heart that sought the crest
Found Allah's arms and a houri's breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,
Till the faces that lined the last redoubt
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,
That cheered up the brave and chid the coward;
Brandishing blade with a gallant air,
His head erect and his bosom bare.

"Fly! they are on us!" his men implored;
But he waved them on with his waving sword.
"It cannot be held; 'tis no shame to go!"
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

Then clung they about him, and tugged, and knelt.
He drew a pistol from out his belt,
And fired it blank at the first that set
Foot on the edge of the parapet.

Over, that first one toppled; but on
Clambered the rest till their bayonets shone,
As hurriedly fled his men dismayed,
Not a bayonet's length from the length of his blade.

"Yield!" But aloft his steel he flashed,
And down on their steel it ringing clashed;
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,
His honour full, but his life-blood spilt.

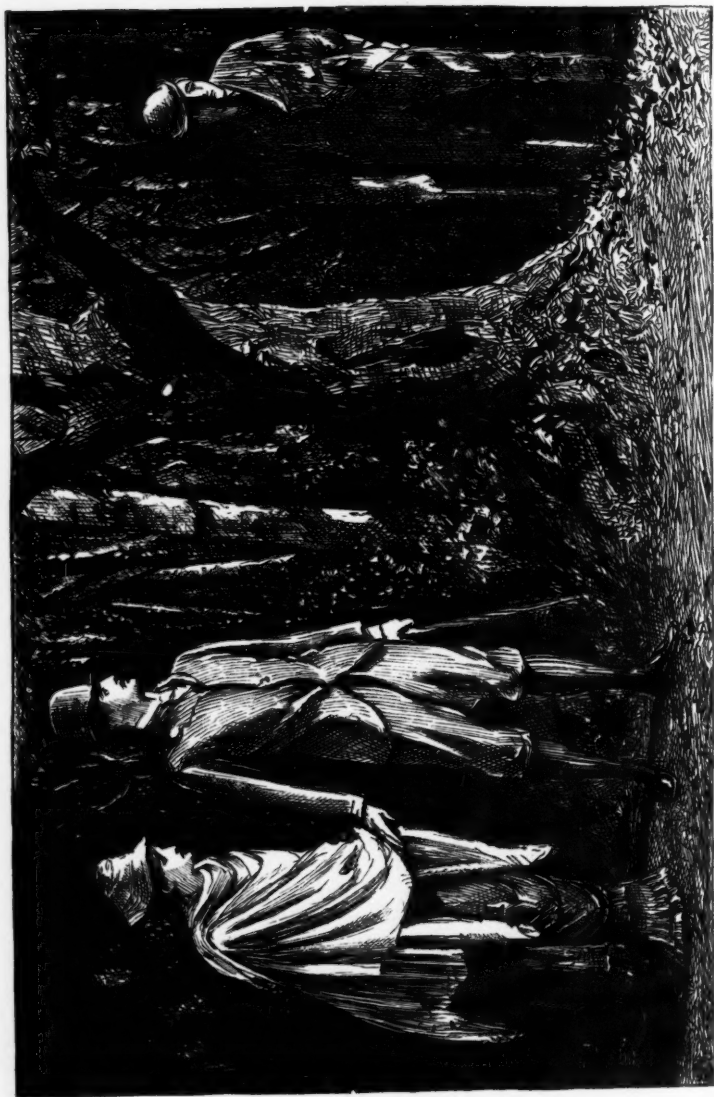
They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;
His limbs were shapely, and soft, and round.
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade:—
"Bismillah!" they cried, "'tis an Infidel maid!"

Mehemet Ali came and saw
The riddled breast and the tender jaw.
"Make her a bier of your arms," he said,
"And daintily bury this dainty dead!"

"Make her a grave where she stood and fell,
'Gainst the jackal's scratch and the vulture's smell.
Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night."

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there
Was dug, for the form as brave as fair;
And none, till the Judgment trump and shout,
Shall drive her out of the Last Redoubt.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

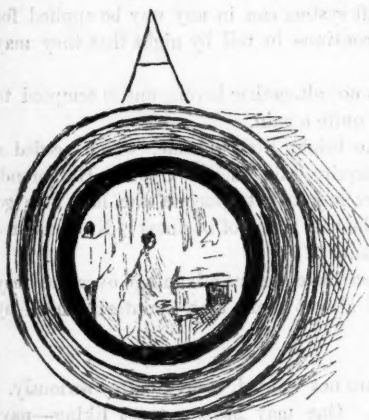


ADDIE STOOD BREATHLESS, AND PERCEVAL'S HEART GAVE A QUICK THROB.

"For Percival."

CHAPTER IX.

SISSY LOOKS INTO THE MIRROR.



LADY'S hero generally has ample leisure. He may write novels, or poems, or paint the picture or carve the statue of the season, or he is a statesman and rules the destinies of nations, or he makes money mysteriously in the City, or even, it may be, not less mysteriously on the turf, but he does it in his odd minutes. That is his characteristic. Perhaps he spends his morning in stupendous efforts to gratify a wish, expressed in smiling hopelessness by the heroine; later, he

calls on her, or he rides with her; evening comes—he dances with her till the first grey streak of dawn has touched the eastern sky. He goes home. His pen flies along the paper—he is knee-deep in manuscript; he is possessed with burning enthusiasm and energy; her features grow in idealised loveliness beneath his chisel, or the sunny tide of daylight pours in, to irradiate the finished picture, as well as the exhausted artist, with a golden glory. He has a talent for sitting up. He gets up very early indeed if he is in the country, but he never goes to bed early, or when would he achieve his triumphs? Some things, it is true, must be done by day, but half-an-hour will work wonders. The gigantic intellect is brought to bear on the confidential clerk; the latter is, as it were, wound up, and the great machine goes on. Or a hasty telegram arrives as the guests file into dinner. "Pardon me, one moment," and instantly something is sent off in cypher which shall change the face of Europe. Unmoved, the hero returns to the love-making which is the true business of life.

There is poetry and romance enough in many an outwardly prosaic life. How often have we been told this? Nay, we have read stories in which the hero possesses a season-ticket, and starts from his trim suburban

home after an early breakfast, to return in due time to dine, perhaps to talk a little "shop" over the meal, and, it may be, even to feel somewhat sleepy in the evening. But as far as my experience goes, the day on which the story opens is the last on which he does all this. That morning he meets the woman with the haunting eyes, or the old friend who died long ago—did not the papers say so?—and whose resurrection includes a secret or two. Or he is sent for to some out-of-the-way spot in the country, where there is a mysterious business of some kind to be unravelled. At any rate, he needs his season-ticket never again, but changes more or less into the hero we all know.

It is hard work for these unresting men no doubt, yet what is to be done? Unless the double-shift system can in any way be applied for their relief, I fear they must continue to toil by night that they may appear to be idle men.

And after all, were the hero not altogether heroic, one is tempted to doubt if this abundant leisure is quite a gain.

Addie Blake, planning some bright little scheme, which needed a whole day, and an unoccupied squire, said once to Godfrey Hammond, "You can't think what a comfort it is to get someone who hasn't to go to business every day. I hate the very name of business! Now you are always at hand when you are wanted."

"Yes," he said, "we idle men have a great advantage over the busy ones, no doubt; but I think it almost more than counterbalanced by our terrible disadvantage.

"What is that?"

"We are at hand when we are not wanted," said Godfrey seriously.

And I think he was right. One may have a great liking—nay, something warmer than liking—for one's companions in endless idle *tête-à-têtes*, but they are perilous nevertheless. Some day the pale ghost—weariness, *ennui*, dearth of ideas, I hardly know what its true name is—comes into the room to see if the atmosphere will suit it, and sits down between you. You cannot see the colourless spectre, but are conscious of a slight exhaustion in the air. Everything requires a little effort—to breathe, to question, to answer, to look up, to appear interested. You feel that it is your own fault, perhaps; you would gladly take all the blame if you could only take all the burden. Perhaps the failing is yours, but it is your fault only as it is the fault of an electric eel that after many shocks his power is weakened, and he wants to be left alone to recover it.

Still, though there may be no fault, it is a terrible thing to feel one's heart sink suddenly when one's friend pauses for a moment in the doorway as if about to return. One thinks, if weariness cannot be kept at bay in the society of those we love, where can we be safe from the cold and subtle blight? As soon as we are conscious of it, it seems to become part of us, and we shrink from the popular idea of the hereafter, assured of finding our spectre even in the courts of heaven.

Godfrey Hammond expressed the fear of too much companionship in speech, Percival Thorne in action. He was given to lonely walks if the weather were fine, to shutting himself in his own room with a book if it were wet. He would dream for hours, for I will frankly confess that when he was shut up with a book, his book, as often as not, was in that condition too.

His grandfather had complained more than once, "You don't often come to Brackenhill, Percival, except to solve the problem of how little you can see of us in a given time." He did not suspect it, but much of the strong attraction which drew him to his grandson lay in that very fact. The latter confronted him in grave independence, just touched with the courteous deference due from youth to age, but nothing more. Mr. Thorne would have thanked heaven had the boy been a bit of a spendthrift, but Percival was too wary for that. He did not refuse his grandfather's gifts, but he never seemed in want of them. They might help him to pleasant superfluities, but his attitude said plainly enough, "I have sufficient for my needs." He was not to be bought—the very aimlessness of his life secured him from that. You cannot earn a man's gratitude by helping him onward in his course when he is drifting contentedly round and round. He was not to be bullied, being conscious of his impregnable position. He was not to be flattered in any ordinary way. It was so evident to him that the life he had chosen must appear an unwise choice to the majority of his fellow-men, that he accepted any assurance to the contrary as the verdict of a small minority. Nor was he conscious of any especial power or originality, so that he could be pleased by being told that he had broken conventional trammels, and was a great soul. Mr. Thorne did not know how to conquer him, and could not have enough of him.

It is needful to note how the day after the Agricultural Show was spent at Brackenhill.

Godfrey Hammond left by an early train. Mrs. Middleton came down to see about his breakfast with a splitting headache. The poor old lady's suffering was evident, and Sissy's suggestion that it was due to their having walked about so much in the broiling sun the day before was unanimously accepted. Mrs. Middleton countenanced the theory, though she privately attributed it to a sleepless night which had followed a conversation with Hammond about Horace.

Percival vanished immediately after breakfast. As soon as he had ascertained that there were no especial plans for the day, he slipped quietly away with his hands in his pockets, strolled through the park, whistling dreamily as he went, and passing out into the road, crossed it, and made straight for the river. He lay on the grass for half an hour or so, studying the growth of willows, and the habits of dragon-flies, and then sauntered along the bank. Had he gone to the left it would have led him past Langley Wood to Fordborough. He went to the right.

It was a gentle little river which had plenty of time to spare, and

amused itself with wandering here and there, tracing a bright maze of curves and unexpected turns. At times it would linger in shady pools, where, half asleep, it seemed to hesitate whether it cared to go on to the county town at all that day. But Percival defied it to have more leisure than he had, and followed the silvery clue till all at once he found himself face to face with an artist who sat by the riverside, sketching.

The young man looked up with a half-smile as Percival came suddenly upon him from behind a clump of alders. A remark of some kind, were it but concerning the weather, was inevitable. It was made, and was followed by others. Young Thorne looked, admired, and questioned, and they drifted into an aimless talk, about the art which the painter loved. Even to an outsider, such as Percival, it was full of colour and grace, and a charm half understood; vaguely suggestive of a world of beauty—not far off and inaccessible, but underlying the common everyday world of which we are at times a little weary. It was as if one should tell us of virtue new and strange in the often turned earth of our garden-plot. Percival was rather apt to analyse his pains and pleasures, but his ideal was enjoyment which should defy analysis, and he found something of it that morning in the summer weather and his new friend's talk.

It was past noon. The young artist looked at his watch, and ascertained the fact. "Do you live near here?" he asked.

Percival shook his head. "I live anywhere. I am a wanderer on the face of the earth. But my grandfather lives in that grey house over yonder, and I am free to come and go as I choose. I am staying there now."

"Brackenhill, do you mean? That fine old house on the side of the hill? I am lodging at the farm down there, and the farmer——"

"John Collins," said Percival.

"Entertains me every night with stories of its magnificence. Since we have smoked our pipes together, I have learnt that Brackenhill is the eighth wonder of the world."

"Not quite," said Thorne. "But it is a good old manor-house, and, thank heaven, my ancestors for a good many generations wasted their money and had none to spare for restoring and beautifying it. I don't mean my grandfather—he wouldn't hurt it. It's a quaint old place. Come some afternoon and look at it. He shall show you his pictures."

"Thanks," the other said, but he hesitated and looked at his unfinished work. "I should like, but I don't quite know. The fact is, when I have done for to-day, I'm to have old Collins' gig and drive into Fordborough, to see if there are any letters for me. I am not sure I shall not have to leave the first thing to-morrow."

"And I have made you waste your time this morning."

"Don't mention it," said the young artist, with the brightest smile. "I'm not much given to bemoaning past troubles, and I shall be in a very bad way indeed before I begin to find fault with past pleasures. I may

not find my letter after all, and in that case I should like very much to look you up. To-morrow?"

"Pray do." The tone was unmistakably cordial.

"Your grandfather's name is Thorne, isn't it? Shall I ask for young Mr. Thorne?"

"Percival Thorne," was the quick correction. "I have a cousin."

They shook hands, but as Thorne turned away the other called after him. "I say—is there any name to that little wood—out there, looking like a dark cloud on the green?"

"Yes—Langley Wood." Percival nodded a second farewell, and went on his way, pondering. And this was the subject of his thoughts.

"Then, my brother, I have to go through Langley Wood to-morrow evening, and I am afraid to go alone."

Of course he had not forgotten his promise to Addie, but having made his arrangements and worked it all out in his own mind, he had dismissed it from his thoughts. Now, however, it rose up before him as a slightly disagreeable puzzle.

What on earth did Addie want towards nine at night in Langley Wood? The day before, in haste to answer her request, and anxiety not to betray her, he had not considered whether the service he had promised to render were pleasant to him or not. In very truth he was willing to serve Addie, and he had professed his willingness the more eagerly that he had expected a harder task. She asked so slight a thing that only eager readiness could give the service any grace at all.

But when he came to consider it, he half wished that his task had been harder if it might have been different. He liked Addie, he was ready to serve her, but he foresaw possible annoyances to them both from her hasty request. He had no confidence in her prudence.

"Some silly freak of hers," he thought, while he walked along, catching at the tops of the tall flowering weeds as he went. "Some silly girlish freak. Why didn't she ask Horace? Wouldn't run any risk of getting him into trouble, I suppose."

Did Horace know? he wondered. "I'm not going to be made use of by him and her, they needn't think it!" vowed Percival in sudden anger. But next moment he smiled at his own folly. "When I have given my word, and must go if fifty Horaces had planned it! I had better save my resolutions for next time." He did not think, however, that Horace *did* know. "Which makes it all the worse," he reflected. "A charming complication it will be if I get into trouble with him about Addie. Suppose some one sees us! Suppose Mrs. Blake is down upon me, questioning, and I, pledged to secrecy, haven't a word to say for myself! Suppose Lottie . . . Oh, I say, a delightful arrangement this is, and no mistake!"

He could only hope that no one would see them, and that Addie's mystery would prove a harmless one.

He got in just as they were sitting down to luncheon. Horace and

Sissy had spent the morning in archery and idleness, Mrs. Middleton in nursing her headache. Mr. Thorne was not there.

"Been enjoying a little solitude?" Horace inquired.

"Not much of that," was the answer. "A good deal of talk instead."

"What, did you find a friend out in the fields?"

"Yes," said Percival, "a young artist." As he spoke he remembered that he was ignorant of his new friend's name. At least he knew it was "Alf," owing to some story the painter had told. "I heard my brother calling 'Alf! Alf!' so I, &c." Alf—probably therefore Alfred—surname unknown.

They were half-way through their meal when Mr. Thorne came noiselessly in and took his accustomed place. He was very silent, and had a curiously intent expression. Horace, who was telling Sissy some trifling story about himself (Horace's little stories generally were about himself,) finished it lamely in a lowered voice. Mr. Thorne smiled.

There was a silence. Percival went steadily on with his luncheon, but Horace pushed away his plate and sipped his sherry. The birds were twittering outside in the sunshine, but there was no other sound. It was like a breathless little pause of expectation.

At last Mr. Thorne spoke, in such sweetly courteous tones that they all knew he meant mischief. "Are you particularly engaged this afternoon?" he inquired of Horace.

"Not at all engaged," said the young man. His heart gave a great throb.

"Then perhaps you could give me a few minutes in the library?"

"I shall be most"—Horace began. But he checked himself, and said, "Certainly. When shall I come?"

"As soon as you have finished your luncheon, if that will suit you?"

"I have finished." He drank off his wine, and, without looking at the others, walked defiantly to the door, stood aside for his grandfather to pass, and followed him out.

Mrs. Middleton and Sissy exchanged glances. "Oh, my dear!" the old lady exclaimed. "Oh, I am so frightened! I am afraid poor Horace is in trouble. Godfrey Hammond was saying only last night——"

She paused suddenly, looking at Percival. He sat with his back to the window, and the dark face was very dark in the shadow. It was just as well perhaps, for he was thinking "Told you so!" a train of thought which seldom produces an agreeable expression.

"What did Godfrey Hammond say?" Sissy asked. But nothing was to be got out of Aunt Middleton, so they adjourned to the drawing-room to wait for Horace's return. Percival read the paper, Mrs. Middleton lay on the sofa, Sissy flitted to and fro, now taking up a book, now her work, then at the piano playing idly with one hand, or singing snatches of her favourite songs. There was a mirror in which looking sideways she could see herself reflected as she played, and Percival as he read—as much of him at least as was not swallowed up in the *Times*.

There is something ghostly about a little picture like this reflected in a glass. It is so silent and yet so real ; the people stir, look up, their lips move, they have every sign of life, but there is no sound. There are noises in the room behind you, but the people in the mirror make none. The *Times* may be rustling and crackling elsewhere, but Percival's ghost turns a ghostly paper whence no sound proceeds. Sissy is playing a little tinkling treble tune, but at the piano yonder, slim white fingers are silently wandering over the ivory keys, and the girl's eyes look strangely out from the polished surface.

Sissy gazed and mused. Perhaps some day Percival will reign at Brackenhill. And who will sit at that piano where the ghost-girl sits now, and what soundless melodies will be played in that silent room ?

Sissy's left hand steals down to the bass, striking solemn chords. "If one could but look into the glass," she thinks, "and see the future there, as people do in stories. What eyes would look out at me instead of mine ? Ah, well ! If I could but see Percival there I would try to be content, even if the girl turned away her face. I *would* be content. I would ! I would !"

She turns resolutely away from the mirror and begins that old Royalist song, in which yearning for the vanished past, and mourning for the dreary present, cannot triumph over the hope of far-off brightness, "When the King enjoys his own again." To Mrs. Middleton, to Percival a mere song, to Sissy a solemn renunciation of all but the one hope. Let her king enjoy his own, and the rest be as fate wills.

The last note dies away. Moved by a sudden impulse she lifts her eyes to the ghost Percival. He has lowered his paper a little, and is looking at her with a wondering smile. A voice behind her exclaims, "Why, Sissy !" She darts across the room to the speaker, and pushes the *Times* away altogether. "Percival," she says in a low breathless voice, "does Miss Lisle play ?"

"Miss Lisle !" He is surprised. "Oh, yes, she plays. But not as well as her brother, I believe."

"And does she sing ?"

"Yes. I heard her once. But no better than you sang just now. What has come to you, Sissy ? You have found the one thing that was wanting."

"What was that ?"

"Earnestness—depth. You sang it as if your soul and the soul of the song were one. Now I can tell you that I fancied you only skimmed over the surface of things—like a bird over the sea. I can tell you now since I was wrong."

Her cheeks are glowing. "And Miss Lisle ?" she says.

"What, now, about Miss Lisle ?" He is amused and perplexed at Sissy's persistence.

"She is one of your heroic women," and Miss Langton nods her pretty head. "Oh, I know ! Jael, and *Judith*, and Charlotte Corday."

"I don't think I said anything about Judith; surely *you* suggested her. And to tell you the truth, Sissy, I looked in the Apocrypha, and I thought I liked her the least of the trio. It wasn't a swift impulse like Jael's, who suddenly saw the tyrant given into her hands; and it wanted the grace of Charlotte Corday's utter self-sacrifice and quick death. Judith had great honour, and lived to be over a hundred, didn't she? I wonder if she often talked about Holofernes when she was eighty or ninety, and about her triumph—how she was crowned with a garland, and led the dance? She ran an awful risk, no doubt, but she was in awful peril—it was glory or death. Charlotte Corday had no chance of a triumph; she must have known that success, as well as failure, meant the death-cart and the guillotine. Judith seems to have played her part fairly well to the end, I allow; but don't you think the praises and the after life spoil it rather?"

Sissy, passing lightly over Percival's views about Charlotte Corday and the widow of a hundred-and-five who was mourned by all Israel, pounced on a more interesting avowal. "So you looked Judith out and studied her? Oh, Percival!"

"My dear Sissy, shall I tell you how many times I have seen Miss Lisle?" He was answering her arch glance rather than her spoken question. "How few times, I should say. Twice!"

"I've made up *my* mind about people when I've only seen them once," said Sissy, apparently addressing the carpet.

"Very likely—some people have that power," said Percival. "Besides, seeing them once may mean that you had a good long interview under favourable circumstances. Now," with a smile, "shall I tell you all that Miss Lisle and I said to each other in our two meetings?" He paused, encountering Sissy's eyes, brilliantly and wickedly full of meaning.

"What! do you remember every word? Oh, Percival!"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Middleton, lifting her head from the cushion; "listen! isn't that Horace?"

"I think so," and Percival stooped for the *Times*, which had fallen on the floor. Sissy stood, with her hand on his chair, making no attempt to conceal her anxiety. The old lady noted her parted lips and eager eyes: "Ah! she does care for Horace. I knew it, I knew it," she thought.

He came in, looking white and angry; his mouth was sternly set, and there was a fierce spark in his grey eyes. Mrs. Middleton beckoned him to her sofa, and would have drawn the proud head down to her with a tender whisper of "Tell me, my dear." But the young fellow straightened himself, and faced them all as he stood by her side. She clasped and fondled his passive hand. "What is the matter, Horace?" she said at last.

"As it happens, there is nothing much the matter," he replied.

"You look as if a good deal might be the matter," said Sissy.

He made no answer for the moment. Then he looked at her with a curious sort of smile: "Sissy, when we were little—when you were very little indeed—do you remember old Rover?"

"That curly dog? oh, yes!"

"I used to have him in a string sometimes, and take him out; it was great fun," said Horace pensively. "I liked to feel him all alive, scampering and tugging at the end of the string. It was best of all, I think, to give him an unexpected jerk just when he was going to sniff at something, and take him pretty well off his legs—he was so astonished and disappointed. But it was very grand, too, if he would but make up his mind he wanted to go one way, to pull at him and *make* him go just the opposite. He was obstinate, was old Rover; but that was the fun of it. I was obstinate, too, and the stronger. How long has he been dead?"

"I'm sure I don't know; twelve or thirteen years. Why?"

"Is it as long as that? Well, I daresay it is. It has occurred to me to-day for the first time that perhaps it was rather hard on Rover now and then. Aunt Harriet, why did you let me have the poor old fellow and ill-use him?"

"My dear boy! what *do* you mean? I don't think you were ever cruel—not really cruel, you know. Children always will be heedless, but I think Rover was fond of you."

"I doubt it," said Horace.

"But what do you mean?" The old lady was fairly perplexed. "What makes you think of having poor old Rover in a string, to-day? I don't understand."

"Which things are an allegory." Horace looked more kindly down at the suffering face, and attempted to smile. "It was very nice then, but to-day I'm the dog!"

"String pulled tight?" said Percival.

"Jerked!" He disengaged his hand. "I think I'll go and have a cigar in the park." Percival was going to rise, but Horace, as he passed, pressed his fingers on his shoulder, "No, old fellow! not to-day—many thanks. You lecture me, you know, and generally I don't care a rap, so you are quite welcome. But to-day I'm a little sore, rubbed up the wrong way; I might take it seriously. Another time."

And he departed, leaving his lecturer to reflect on this brilliant result of all his outpourings of wisdom.

CHAPTER X.

IN LANGLEY WOOD.

At Brackenhill they invariably dined at six o'clock, nor was the meal a lengthy one. Mr. Thorne drank little wine, and Horace was generally only too happy to escape to the drawing-room at the earliest opportunity.

Percival could very well dine at home, and yet be true to his rendezvous in Langley Wood.

As the time drew near he became thoughtful, and, to tell the truth, a little out of temper. He liked his dinner, and Addie Blake interfered with his quiet enjoyment of it. He would have chosen to lie on the sofa in the cool, quaint, rose-scented drawing-room, and get Sissy to sing to him. Instead of which, he must tramp three miles along a dusty white road that July evening to meet a girl he didn't particularly want to see, and to hear a secret which he didn't much want to know, and which he distinctly didn't want to be bound to keep. Decidedly a bore!

It was only twenty minutes past seven when they joined the ladies. Sissy represented the latter force, Aunt Middleton having gone to lie down in the hope of being better later in the evening. Mr. Thorne fidgeted about the room for a minute, and then went off to the library, whereupon Horace stretched himself with a sigh of relief. "Come out, Sissy, and have a turn in the garden."

"But, Percival," she hesitated, "what are you going to do?"

"Don't think about me, I must go out for a little while." He left them on the terrace, and started on his mysterious errand. As he let himself out into the road, by a little side gate of which he had pocketed the key, it was five-and-twenty minutes to eight. He had abundance of time. It was not three miles to the white gate into Langley Wood, a little more than three miles to the milestone beyond which he was on no account to go, and he had almost an hour to do it in. Nevertheless, he started on his walk like a man in haste.

The great Fordborough Agricultural Show lasted two days, and on the second the price of admission was considerably reduced. It had occurred to Percival that the roads in every direction would probably be crowded with people making their way home—people who would have had more beer than was good for them. Addie would never think of such a possibility. It was true that the road from Fordborough which led past Brackenhill would be quieter than any other, but young Thorne was seriously uneasy as he strode along. It was also true that he met hardly any one as he went, but even that failed to reassure him. "A little too early for them to have come so far, I suppose," was his comment to himself; "at any rate, she shall not wait for me."

He passed the white gate, having encountered only a few stragglers, but before he reached the milestone he saw Addie Blake coming along the road to meet him.

She was flushed, eager, excited, and looked even handsomer than usual. Percival would never fall in love with Addie. That was very certain; but the certainty did not prevent a quick thrill of admiration which tingled through his blood, as she advanced in her ripe dark beauty to meet him. By it, as by a charm, the service which had been almost a weariness was transmuted to a happy privilege, and the half-reluctant squire became willing and devoted.

"You are more than punctual," was his greeting.

She smiled as she held out her hand. "I may say the same of you."

"I was anxious," he confessed. "The roads are not likely to be very quiet to-day. And after sunset——"

"Yes," said Addie. "No doubt it seems strange to you that I should choose this day and this time——"

"I hardly know what I should have done if I had seen nothing of you when I reached the milestone," he went on, interrupting her. His curiosity was awakened now that he was so close to Addie's little mystery, but he was anxious that she should not feel bound to tell him anything she would rather keep to herself, very anxious that she should understand that he would not pry into her secrets.

"If you had gone much further you would have missed me," she said.

"Which way did you come?"

"I did not come straight from home. Do you see that little red house? I am drinking tea there, and spending a quiet evening."

"How very pleasant!" said Percival. "And who has the privilege of entertaining you?"

"Mrs. Wardlaw. She is the widow of an officer—quite young. She is a friend of mine; she lives with an invalid aunt, an old Mrs. Watson."

"And what does Mrs. Wardlaw think of your taking a little stroll by yourself in the evening?"

"Mrs. Wardlaw asked me there on purpose. Yesterday I saw her at the show, and gave her a little note as we shook hands. This morning came an invitation to me to go and drink tea there. I told mamma and Lottie I should go—papa is out—so one of the servants walked there with me at half-past six, and will call for me again at ten or a little after."

"Very ingeniously managed," said Percival. "And the invalid aunt?"

"Went up to her room and left Mary and me to our devices," smiled Addie. "A delightful old lady—ah, here is the wood."

"We shall probably have this part of our walk to ourselves," Percival remarked, as he swung the gate open. "People going home from the show are not likely to stop to take a turn in Langley Wood."

The sound of a rattling cart, and shouts of discordant laughter, mixed with what was intended for a song, came along the road they had just quitted. Addie took a few hurried steps along the path, which curved enough to hide her from observation in a moment. Safe behind a screen of leaves, she paused. "What horrible people! Is that a sample of what I may expect as I go back?"

"I fear so," said Percival. "I shall see you safe to Mrs. Wardlaw's door."

"You shall see me safe, if you have good eyes," she answered. "But you will not go to the door with me,"

"Ah?" he said. "Mrs. Wardlaw is only half trusted?"

Addie smiled. "What people don't know, they can't let out, can they?"

"Pray understand that you are quite at liberty to apply that very wise—mark me, that very wise—discovery of yours to my case," said Thorne, looking straight at her. "You talked about good eyes just now. Mine are good or bad as it suits me."

At any rate they were earnest as they met hers.

"Don't shut them on my account," said Addie. "No, Percival; you are not like Mrs. Wardlaw. I mean to tell you all about it."

But for a moment she did not speak. They were fairly in the wood; the trees were arching high above their heads; their steps were noiseless on the turf below; outside were warmth and daylight still, but here the shadows and the coolness of the night. A leathern-winged bat flitted across their path through the gathering dusk. "They always look like ghosts," said Addie. "Doesn't it seem, Percival, as if the night had come upon us unawares?"

As she spoke they reached a little open space. The path forked right and left. "Which way?" said Thorne.

"I don't know, I'm sure. There's a cottage on the further side of the wood, towards the river——"

"Is that your destination? To the right, then." And to the right they went.

"When you promised to help me," Addie began, "do you remember what you said? I was to consider you as——" She paused, fixing her questioning eyes on him.

"As a brother. What then? Have I failed in my duty already?"

She shook her head, smiling. "Percival, what do you think that means to me?"

"Ah, that's a difficult question. Of course we, who have no brothers, can only imagine, we cannot know. But I have sometimes fancied that the idea we attach to the word brother is higher because no commonplace reality has ever stepped in to spoil it. For it is an evident fact that some people have brothers who are prosaic, and even disagreeable, while all the noble brothers of history and romance are ours. We may take Lord Tresham for our ideal (you remember Tresham in *A Blot in the Scutcheon*?) and declare with him—

I think, am sure, a brother's love exceeds
All the world's love in its unworldliness."

"Stop!" said Addie. "You are going into the question much too enthusiastically, and much too poetically. I don't know anything about your Tresham. And you mustn't class me with yourself, 'we who have no brothers'—I have one, Percival!"

"A brother? You have one? Why, I always fancied——"

"Well—a half-brother," Addie made this concession to strict truth

with something of reluctance in her tone, as if she did not like to own that her brother could possibly have been any nearer than he was. "It is my brother I am going to meet to-night."

Percival, fluent on the subject of brothers in general, was so astonished at the idea of this particular brother or half-brother, that he said "Oh!"

"Papa married twice," Addie explained; "the first time when he was very young. I don't think his first wife was *quite* a lady," she said, lowering her voice as if the beeches might be given to gossiping.

Percival would not have been happy as a dweller in the Palace of Truth. He thought "Then Mr. Blake's two wives were alike in *one* respect."

"And though Oliver was a dear boy," she went on, "he hasn't been very steady. He has had a good deal of money at one time or another, and wasted it, and he and mamma don't get on at all."

"Ah—I daresay not."

"Naturally she thinks more about Lottie and me; and Oliver has been very tiresome. He was to be in the business with papa, but he didn't do anything, and he got terribly into debt, and then he ran away and enlisted. Papa bought him off, and found him something else to do; but mamma was dreadfully vexed—she said it was a disgrace to the family."

"Did he do better after that?"

"Not much," Addie owned. "In fact, I think he has spent most of his time since then in running away and enlisting. I really believe he has been in a dozen regiments. We were always having to write to him, 'Private Oliver Blake, Number so and so, C company, such a regiment.' It didn't look well at all."

(Addie, as she spoke, remembered how her mother used to sneer, "No doubt some day you'll meet your *brother* in a red jacket, with a little cane, his cap very much on one side, and a tail of nursemaids wheeling their perambulators after him." Such remarks had been painful to Addie, but even then she had felt that Mrs. Blake had cause to complain.)

"He was always bought off, I suppose?" said Percival.

"Once papa declared he wouldn't. Oliver went on very quietly for a little while, and was to be a corporal. Then he wrote and said he was going to desert that day week, and he was afraid it might be very awkward for him afterwards, especially if he ever enlisted again, but he would take his chance sooner than stop. Papa knew he would do it, so he had to buy him off again."

"But is this going on for ever?"

"No; for the last three years Oliver has been in dreadful disgrace, I don't exactly know why, and we were not allowed to mention his name at home. But I don't care," said Addie impetuously; "if he were ever so foolish, and if he had enlisted in every regiment under the sun—he's my brother!"

"And Lottie? Does she stand by him as valiantly?"

"Oliver is nothing to Lottie; he never was. He is nine years older than she is, and when she would really begin to remember him he and mamma were always quarrelling. Besides, he always petted me—not Lottie. And now she despises him because he doesn't stick to anything and get on. No—poor old Noll is *my* brother, only mine. No one else cares for him—except papa."

"Mr. Blake hasn't given him up then?"

"Oh, he is angry with Oliver when they are apart, but he always forgives him when they meet. He was really angry this last time, but Oliver wrote to him, and they made it up. Only my poor old Noll is to be sent over the sea to Canada with a man papa knows something of."

"And this is good-bye? But surely, they can't mind your meeting him before he goes?"

"They do," said Addie. "Papa and mamma saw him in London ten days ago, and he was only forgiven on condition that he went away quietly, and said nothing to any one. As if he wasn't sure to tell me! Mamma knows how it has been before; she thinks if papa or I saw him alone he might get round us, and then he wouldn't go. If he is steady, and does well there, he is to come and see us all in two years."

"That isn't very long, is it?" said Percival, cheerfully. It was evident to him that this black sheep would be much better away.

"Long! Oh, no! Only, you see, Oliver *won't* do well, unless there's something very converting in Canadian air. So I may as well say good-bye to him; mayn't I? Mind, Percival, you are not to think he's wicked. He won't do anything dreadful. He'll spend all the money he can get, and then drift away somewhere."

"A sort of Prodigal Son," Thorne suggested.

"Yes. You won't understand him—how should you? You are always wise and well-behaved, and a credit to everyone, more like the son who stayed at home."

"Not an attractive character," was his reply. And he remembered Horace a few hours before. "Not to-day, old fellow, you lecture me, you know." He was startled. "Good heavens!" he thought. "Am I a prig?"

Addie laughed. "Well, I am trusting to you to understand *me* at any rate. Just like Oliver," she went on, "he came once, years ago, to stay with old Miss Hayward, who left us the house, and he knew something then of the man at this cottage, so he tells me to meet him there, without ever thinking how I should get to the place by myself at nine at night—Hush! what's that? Oh, Noll! Noll!"

A man's voice was heard at a little distance singing, and she darted forward, her eyes alight with joy. Percival followed, slackening his pace, and listening to Mr. Oliver Blake's rendering of "Champagne Charlie is my name." It ceased abruptly. He doubted what to do, took a step or two mechanically, and came suddenly out on the open

space at the further side of the wood, where was the cottage in question. Addie had run forward and forgotten him. He strolled with elaborate unconsciousness to some palings near by, turning his back on Addie and her brother, rested his folded arms there, and gazed at the placid landscape. Below ran the little stream, by which he had loitered in the morning, hurrying now in a straighter course, like an idle messenger who finds that time has fled much faster than he thought. The river mist hung white above the level meadows, and it seemed to Percival as if Nature, falling asleep, had glided into a pallid and melancholy dream. The last gleams of day were blending with a misty flood of moonlight, beneath which the world lay dwarfed and dark. On the horizon a little black windmill, with motionless sails, stood high against the sky, looking like a toy, as if a child had set it there and gone to bed.

To Percival, as he stood, came the sound, though not the words, of a rapid flow of talk, broken by a short, often-recurring laugh. But at last there was a pause, and the two came towards him. He turned to meet them, and saw in the moonlight that Oliver Blake was big and broad-shouldered, with black hair, curling thickly under a jaunty cap, and bright restless eyes. Addie had her arm drawn fondly through her brother's.

"Oliver," she said, "this is Percival; you have heard me speak of him."

Oliver bent his head in a blunt, constrained way, and looked doubtfully at the other. Percival, who was going to extend his hand, withheld it, and made a stately little bow in return.

"That's very magnificent," said Addie to him. "Why, Noll," she laughed, "you needn't be so cautious. Percival knows. He is to be trusted."

"Ah?" said Oliver. "What does that feel like, now?"

"What does what feel like?" said Thorne, as they shook hands. "Being trusted, do you mean?"

"Ay. Being trusted, or being to be trusted. I don't know either sensation myself."

"Not likely, dear boy," said Addie, "with your way of going on. And yet Mr. Osborne must have trusted you, or how did you get the money and get away? You weren't to have any till you sailed, were you?"

"Would you like to know?" said Oliver, his dark eyes twinkling. "I tried to persuade him—no good. Then I told him a—don't be horrified—it was a very fine specimen of fiction——"

"Oliver!"

"Which is no doubt set down to the governor's account."

"Did he believe you?"

"Well, he didn't know what to do. I don't think he would have, only, if it wasn't true, it was so stupendous, you see. He hesitated, and that made him relax his watchfulness a little. So I gave him the slip!"

and pawned part of my outfit, which we bought together the day before."

"You bad boy!"

"I left him a bit of a note. I told him that if he held his tongue, I would surely be there again to-morrow, we'd get the things, and no one would be any the wiser. But if he made a row, he might whistle for me, and catch me if he could."

"And you don't know the effect of that, I suppose?" said Percival.

"Well, no. I read it over when I'd done, to try and judge it impartially. And I made up my mind—considering the character he'd had of me—that if I were Osborne I should say that Blake meant to back out of his bargain, with all he could lay his hands on, and was trying to secure two days' start. What do you think I did, Addie?"

"Something silly, I've no doubt."

"Well," he said, looking at her with an admiring gaze, which partly explained to Percival the secret of her fondness for her brother. "I thought it was rather clever. I just popped in the letter I had from you and your photograph, and, if that doesn't convince him, I give him up!"

"Oh, Noll! How *could* you? What is he like?"

Blake burst out laughing. "Listen to her! A man has got her photograph—he instantly becomes an interesting object. Oh! he isn't a bad-looking fellow, Addie. I daresay he's glaring at you now through his spectacles."

"Spectacles! Oliver, you've no business to go giving my photograph to all sorts of people. And I hate him too, because if it hadn't been for him, perhaps you wouldn't have been going away to Canada."

"What then?" said he philosophically. "Your mother would have had a dear friend on the point of starting for the Cannibal Islands."

Percival began to feel a little anxious about time, and to wonder when the real leave-taking was to commence. He looked at his watch after the manner of a stage aside, and Addie took the hint.

Five minutes later she came towards him with bent head and averted eyes. "I'm ready, Percival." But they had not gone a dozen steps when she sobbed, "Oh, my poor Noll!" and rushed back. As young Thorne looked after her, he heard the quick spurt of a match. Oliver had turned on his heel already, and was lighting his cigar. "Heartless brute," said Percival.

The verdict was unjust. Oliver had taken infinite pains to secure this glimpse of his sister; but since it was over, it *was* over. He loved her, and she knew it, but he was not the man to stand sentimentally staring at Addie's back as she disappeared into the shadows of Langley Wood. Now Percival could not have failed in such a matter, though he might have thought no more about it than did Oliver Blake.

When he and Addie were once more on their way, he occupied himself solely with the slight difficulties of her path, but before they had

gone half-way she was making an effort to talk in her usual style, and succeeding fairly well. They were just at the place where the paths branched off, and Percival was stooping to disentangle her dress, which was caught on a bramble. As he raised himself he heard an approaching step, and quick as thought he laid his hand on Addie's arm. A couple of yards further and they would be in the one path, and must meet the new comer. Standing where they were, it was an even chance; he might pass them or might go the other way. Addie stood breathless, and Percival's heart gave a quick throb, more for Addie's sake than his own. But, after all, it might be no one who knew them, and in that dim light—

The moon glided with startling swiftness from behind a fleecy cloud, and shone on their white faces. The man, passing close by, started and stepped back, recovered himself with a muttered ejaculation, and said,

"Fine evening, Mr. Thorne," as he passed.

"Very," Percival replied. "Good night."

The other returned a "Good night, sir," and disappeared in the twilight.

"He knew you," said Addie. She looked frightened. Her parting from Oliver had unnerved her; difficulties which she had made light of in the happiness of anticipation seemed more formidable now. Standing there in the white moonlight and dim shadows of the wood, she suddenly realised the strange and doubtful aspect her expedition with Percival Thorne must wear to ordinary eyes. Nor was her companion likely to reassure her. An air of sombre resolution was more in his line than the light-hearted confidence which would have treated the whole affair as a trifle. He was, as Addie-herself had called him, "well-behaved." She would have trusted him to the death, only just at that moment a little touch of happy recklessness would have been a greater comfort to her than his anxious loyalty. But Percival could never be reckless; deliberately indifferent he might be, but reckless—never.

"He knew you," said Addie, as they resumed their walk.

"Yes; but he would not know you. It does not signify much," was Percival's reply.

"But he does know me."

"Impossible! Oh, you mean he knows your name."

She nodded. "He often passes our house. Always on Thursday when a lot of people go by—isn't it a market somewhere?"

"Brookley market. Oh, yes; he would go there, no doubt."

"Once or twice I have been walking on the road and he has driven past; I know his face quite well, and I'm sure—I should think—he knows mine."

"Very likely he may not have recognised you in this half-light," said Percival.

She shivered. "He did. I felt him look right through me."

"Well, suppose he did. After all, there is no reason why we

should not take a walk together on a summer evening if we like—is there?"

"Where is he going?" said Addie. "To the cottage?"

"Oh dear, no! There are endless paths in the wood. He will turn off still more to the right; he cuts off a corner so going from Fordborough to his home."

"Who and what is he?" was Miss Blake's next question, as they emerged into the road.

"Silas Fielding. He farms a little bit of old Garnett's land, and I rather think he rents an outlying field or two of my grandfather's. A horsey sort of fellow. I am not particularly fond of Mr. Silas Fielding," said Percival, and they walked a little way in silence.

"You mustn't come any further," said Addie. "Percival, I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't do it, then. I see no occasion."

"But I see occasion—very great occasion."

"Then we will consider it done," said Percival.

Mrs. Wardlaw's house was very near. "I'm not late, am I?" said Addie.

He looked at his watch. "A little more than a quarter to ten; very good time. I shall watch you along this last little bit of road, and see you let in. Good night."

"Good night." She went quickly away, and he waited as he had promised. She looked back at him once, and saw him stand, dark and motionless, like a bronze statue. She reached the garden gate, and just as a farmer's gig, with one man in it, dashed past, she ran up the little flight of steps, knocked, and was instantly admitted, as if Mrs. Wardlaw stood inside with her hand on the latch. Percival, seeing this, turned to begin his homeward walk, but as the gig rattled up to him its speed was slackened.

"Mr. Thorne! Isn't it Mr. Percival Thorne?"

It was the young artist driving back to the farm in Mr. Collins' old gig, and inducing Mr. Collins' old horse to go at a headlong pace. "I thought it was you standing in the moonlight," he said. "Can't I give you a lift?"

Percival accepted, and they started off, if possible, more vehemently than before.

"I must look sharp," explained the young man, whose name was Alf, "or I shall be late at the farm."

"You have only just come from Fordborough?" said Percival.

"No. I put up the horse and stayed later than I meant. I'd no idea that dull little hole of a town could wake up so. Why, it is flapping with flags from one end to the other. I never saw such a lot of tramps and drunken men in my life."

"Charming idea you have of waking up."

"And brass bands—and gipsies," the other went on. "When I

wanted to come away the ostler was drunk, and couldn't find the horse, and I couldn't find the gig—that is, I could find a score all exactly like this one, but as to knowing which of all the gigs in the yard belonged to old Collins—I couldn't have told to save my life."

"You got it at last, I suppose?" said Thorne.

The other was cautious. "Well, I got *this*. The man put the horse in somehow, and then, he was so far gone, he began to talk to himself and undo the harness again. I believe he thought he'd put in a pair by mistake, and was trying to take one out. However, I stopped that, and got away after a fashion."

"They are early birds at the farm, no doubt."

"Early? Rather! At half-past nine old Collins creaks upstairs, and Mrs. Collins goes into the kitchen, and rakes out the cinders for fear of fire. I was out late one night last week, and she couldn't wake the old man up to let me in. It was twenty minutes to eleven!"

"Did she come herself?" said Percival. "I know Mrs. Collins by daylight; but I can't imagine Mrs. Collins aroused from her first sleep."

"'Where ignorance is bliss.' The dear old lady kept me on the door-step for ten minutes or so, while she was trying to make up her mind whether she would keep her nightcap on or whether she would take it off and put on the light brown front she ordinarily wears. At last she made up her mind to retain the nightcap, and add the front by way of a finish. But I have it on her own authority that she was flurried, and all of a shake, so she didn't carry out her idea skilfully. The cap was half off, and the front was only half on. I saw her forehead getting lower and lower as she spoke to me."

"Could she ever forgive you for seeing her so?"

"Oh, yes. I'm rather a favourite I think. She beamed on me just the same the next morning."

"She did?" said Thorne. "A wonderful woman!"

"I think I shall ask her for a lock of her chestnut hair to-morrow, before I go, to show that my faith in it is—well, as implicit as ever. Ah! by the way, I got my letter. I thought most likely I should. I leave the first thing in the morning."

"Sorry to hear it," said Percival. But it occurred to him that the artist's departure would prevent any talk the next day of the circumstances of their meeting that evening. He jumped down, with hasty thanks to his new friend when they came to the little gate. "You'll be in a ditch if you don't look out!" he called after him.

"All right!" was shouted back, and old Collins' gig vanished into the outer darkness, with the young artist, whom Percival Thorne has never chanced to meet again to this day.

He let himself in with his key, and hurried up to the house. The door which opened on the terrace was unfastened as usual. The lights were burning in the drawing-room, but no one was there, and the bright

vacant room had a strange ghostly aspect, a little island of mellow radiance in the vast silence and darkness of the night. He felt like one in a dream, and stood idly thinking of the young painter rattling in old Collins' gig to Willow Farm; of Silas Fielding striding across the meadows, with thoughts intent on his bargains; of Oliver Blake turning in with a yawn when his cigar was done; of Addie forcing back her unshed tears, and hiding deep in her heart the well-spring of her tenderness for her poor Noll. He had not done justice to Addie Blake. Something of the feeling of underlying beauty, unsought or ignored, which he gained from his artist friend's talk in the morning, had come to him in a slightly altered form with Addie that evening. With Alf, it was the every-day world which revealed new beauty; with Addie it was shown in what Percival had taken for a prosaic and commonplace character. He found himself wondering whether he might not have failed to do justice to others besides Addie. He had looked far away for his ideal, and had found a fair faint dream, when it might be that the reality was close at hand. Since the wayside had blossomed with unexpected loveliness, what grace, and charm, and hidden treasure might be his prize, who should win his way into the fenced garden of Sissy's sweet soul!

He started from his reverie, and was surprised to find that it had lasted only two or three minutes; it seemed to him as if he had been dreaming a long while in that bright loneliness. He walked to the window, with "Where can they all be?" on his lips. And for an answer to his question, standing at the far end of the terrace was Sissy. As he hurried through the hall to join her, the library door opened an inch or two, and a voice inquired,

"Who is that?"

"It is I—Percival," he answered in haste.

At the word "Percival" the door opened wider, and Mr. Thorne looked out.

"Oh! where is Sissy?"

"On the terrace."

"And Horace?"

"I don't know," still chafing to be gone.

"Sissy ought to come in. It's a quarter-past ten." He looked up at the great hall clock. "Yes; a quarter-past ten, and she will be catching cold."

"I'll tell her."

"Did you come in for a shawl for her? Take her one—anything."

"I will," and Percival made a dash at the row of pegs, and caught down the first thing which looked moderately like a cloak. Then he escaped.

Sissy was coming to the house, but so leisurely that the journey was likely to take her a considerable time. "At last," she said, as he came up to her. "Why, which way—oh, it's *you*, Percival!"

"You thought I was Horace," he said, as he put the cloak round her.
 "Yes, for the moment I did. What are you muffling me up like this for?"

"Orders," said Percival. "My grandfather said you were to come in, and that I was to bring you a shawl."

"What is the good of this thing if I'm to go in?"

"Very sensibly put. Evidently no good at all. So we will turn round, and go to the end of the terrace and back, unless you are tired."

She was not tired.

"And you took me for Horace? I always said we were alike."

"You are not a bit alike."

"Oh, no! Of course not."

"Don't be absurd," said Sissy. "Anybody's like anybody if it's pitch dark, and they don't speak."

"I rather suspect Horace and I might be alike if it were a half-light, and if we *did* speak," said Percival. "Remember the photograph. But where is Horace all this time? What have you been doing with yourself?"

"He's somewhere about," said Sissy. "First of all, we had a little croquet. Then it got too dark to play, so I went to see after Aunt Harriet. Her head was worse; so she said she would go to bed."

"Poor old lady! Best thing she could do. She'll be better to-morrow, I hope."

"Then Horace and I thought we would go and look up his old nurse. She has been teasing me ever so long, wanting to see 'Master Horace,' and it's only across a couple of fields. But she wasn't at home, and the cottage was shut up."

"Gone to Fordborough for the day, most likely."

"I daresay. She has a niece there. Then we came back, and Horace didn't much want to go in, because of this afternoon, you know, so we stayed in the long walk, and he smoked and we listened to the nightingales."

"Very delightful," said Percival. "The long walk and the nightingales, I mean."

"And then there was a little pinkish light in the sky, and he thought there was a fire somewhere. So he went into the park to get a better view, and after I had waited for him a little while, I came up here and met you."

A quick step was heard on the gravel behind them.

"Oh, here you are!" said Horace. "The fire doesn't seem to be anything, Sissy, after all. The light got fainter and fainter, and it's all gone now."

"Where did you think it was?" Percival inquired.

"Well, I thought from the direction that it must be at old Garnett's Upland Farm, but it can't have been much. So you have got back?"

"Yes. Hadn't we better go in? You must mind what you are about Horace, though it is warm. That cough of yours——"

"Stuff and nonsense about my cough." But he turned to go in nevertheless.

"By the way," said Percival, as he walked between them, "you've been out all the evening—does anyone know I've been away?"

"No," said Sissy. "Why; don't you want——"

"I would rather they didn't," he replied. (The stars in their courses seemed to fight for Addie and her secret, had it not been for that untoward meeting with Silas Fielding).

Horace wore a knowing expression. He was rather pleased that his lecturer should be compelled to seek a pledge of secrecy from him. It made him feel more on a level with the well-conducted and independent Percival. "All right," he said.

"You may trust me," in a soft earnest voice on the other side.

"Thank you both," said Percival, but his eyes thanked Sissy.

"What have you been after?" asked Horace; "I thought most likely you were off to the friend you met this morning."

The astonishing way in which circumstances conspired to aid in guarding the mystery! "I have been with him," said Percival.

(We value the opinion of others too much very often for our own peace. Queer, unsubstantial things those opinions often are. "I have been with him." Sissy felt a little glow of kindness towards the unknown; it might have been, "I have been with her." She was prejudiced in his favour, and sure that he was a nice fellow. Horace was ready to stake something on his conviction that he was a bad lot, this fellow Percy had picked up, and that Percy knew it).

Percy was still warm with the chivalrous devotion which had been kindled in him that evening. It was reserved for the colder morning light to reveal to him that what with Lottie on the hillside, and Addie in Langley Wood, he was plunging into little adventures which were hardly consistent with the character of a most prudent young man. Yet such was the character he was supposed to have undertaken to support in the world's drama.

They reached the door, and Horace went in, but Sissy lingered yet a moment on the threshold. "Isn't it all beautiful?" she said, taking one more look; "if it could only last!"

Percival smiled. "Sissy, have *you* learnt that?"

"November—bare boughs and bitter winds—I hate to think of it," she said.

"I would say, 'don't think of it,' but it would be no good," he replied. "When the thought of change has once occurred to you while you look at a landscape, it is a part of every landscape thenceforward. But it gives a bitter charm."

"Spring will come again," she said; "but death and parting, and loss—they are so dreadful. And growing old—oh, Percival, why must they all be?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "The whole world echoes your 'Why?' Sissy, I wish I could help you, but I can't. I can only tell you that I understand what you feel. It is very terrible looking forward to age, to loss of powers, hopes, and friends. One feels sometimes as if one could not tread that long grey road to the grave."

Sissy shivered as if she saw it drawn out before her eyes.

"But after all it may be brighter than we think," he went on, after a pause. "There is joy and beauty in change as well as bitterness. If everything in the world were fixed and unalterable, would not that be far more terrible? As it is, we have all the possibilities on our side. Who knows what gladness may grow out of endless change?" Yet, even as he spoke, he was conscious of a wild, impotent longing to snatch her—she was so delicate and sweet—from beneath the great revolving wheels of time, with a cry of—

Stay as you are, and be loved for ever.

But the poet's very words carry the sentence of doom in the memory that the blossom to which they were uttered must have perished years ago.

"Sissy," he said suddenly, "surely there cannot be much suffering reserved for you! Oh, poor child, I wish I could take it all in your place!" He spoke in all earnestness, yet could he have looked into the future he would have seen that her suffering would not be long, but very keen, and his not to bear, but to inflict.

CHAPTER XI.

MEANWHILE.

PERCIVAL THORNE had never thought much on the subject of revenge. He rather took it for granted that deliberate revenge was an extraordinary and altogether exceptional thing. People give way to bursts of passion, which pass away and leave no trace, they are so hot with fury which comes to nothing at all, that at the first glance it seems as if the anger which bears fruit must be something different in kind. But it is possible that if Percival had considered the matter, he might have arrived at the conclusion that revenge does not depend only on intensity of passion, but on intensity of passion and aptness of opportunity together. Disembodied hate soon dies, unless it is fiendish in its strength.

He had had fair warning at the birthday party. Lottie, smarting with humiliation, had looked him full in the face with a flash of such bitter enmity as springs from the consciousness of one's own folly. And Lottie's eyes conveyed their meaning well. That very afternoon, when Percival looked up, as he lay on the turf at her feet, they had been most eloquent of love. "Foolish child!" he had thought, "she is only seventeen to-day, and childish still." When he encountered the sudden

flash of hate, he would hardly have been surprised at some instant manifestation of it. Had she carried a dagger, like

Our Lombard country girls along the coast,

vengeance might have come at once. But she spoke to him later in her ordinary voice, and touched his hand when she bade him good night; and it was only natural to conclude that nothing would follow her glance of fury. Something of bitterness might linger for awhile, but Lottie was only seventeen, and that afternoon she had loved him.

He was right enough. There was nothing fiendish in Lottie's hatred; it would soon have spent its strength in helpless longings and died. But that very night it flew straight to Horace Thorne, and unobserved found shelter there. It assumed a shape, not clearly defined as yet, but a shape which time would surely reveal. It drew Lottie to the young man's side while the tears of pain and shame were hardly yet dry upon her burning cheeks.

In spite of the talk on her birthday morning, Lottie hardly understood the relative positions of the Thornes. Percival was disinherited, and Horace was the heir. Naturally she supposed that Horace was the favourite, and that the old man was displeased with Percival. She concluded that the small income of which the latter had spoken was probably a grudging allowance from Mr. Thorne. His grandfather protected and patronised him now, and no doubt it would be in Horace's power to protect and patronise him hereafter. Lottie hardly knew what she dreamed or wished, but she felt that she should indeed be avenged if the dole might in any way be regulated by her caprice, given or withheld according to the mood of the moment.

Meanwhile, Percival drifted contentedly on, unconscious that Lottie had vowed vengeance, and Sissy devotion. Mr. Thorne went about with an air of furtive triumph, as if he were tasting the sweetness of having outwitted somebody. Horace divided his time between divers pleasures, but contrived to run down to Fordborough once just before he went yachting with a friend. He took to letter-writing with praiseworthy regularity, and yet his accustomed correspondents were curiously unaware of his sudden energy. He too had his look of triumph sometimes, but it was uneasy triumph, as if he were not absolutely certain that someone might not have outwitted him. Oliver Blake on board the good ship "Curlew," had passed the period of sea-sickness, and was flirting desperately with a lively fellow passenger, while Addie followed him with anxious thoughts. About this time his father went in secret to consult a London doctor, and came away with a grave face, and a tender softening of his heart towards his only son. A visit to his lawyer ensued, and of this also Mrs. Blake knew nothing. The girls played croquet as before, Lottie won the ivory mallet on the great field-day of the Fordborough club, and Mrs. Rawlinson and Miss Lloyd hated her with their sweetest smiles. Week after week of glorious weather went by. Bracken-

hill lay stretched in the sleepy golden sunshine, and the leaves in Langley Wood, quivering against the unclouded blue, had lost the freshness of the early summer. The shadows and the sadness were to come.

CHAPTER XII.

Well, what's gone from me?

What have I lost in you?

R. BROWNING.

PERCIVAL awoke one day to the consciousness that the world was smaller, greyer, and flatter than he had supposed it. At the same moment he became aware that a burden was lifted from his shoulders, and that a disturbing element was gone out of his life.

This is how the change in the universe was effected. Percival met Godfrey Hammond, and they talked of indifferent things. As they were parting, Hammond looked over his shoulder, and came back.

"I knew there was something I wanted to ask you. Have you heard that the young lady with the latent nobility in her face is going to be married?"

"What young lady?" said Percival, stiffly. He knew perfectly well, and Hammond knew that he knew.

"Miss Lisle."

"No. I hadn't heard. Who is he?"

"The happy man? Lord Scarbrook's eldest son."

"Who told you?"

"You are incredulous, but I fear I can't soften the blow. The man who told me heard Lisle talking about it."

"There's no blow to soften," said Thorne. "I assure you I don't feel it."

"Ah," said Hammond, "there was once a man who didn't know that his head had been cut off till he sneezed—wasn't there? Take great care of yourself, Percival." And, nodding a second farewell, Godfrey left him, and Percival went on his way through that curiously shrunken world.

And after all the blow was premature. Mr. Lisle had only talked of a probability which he earnestly hoped would be realised.

But Percival did not doubt it. He tried to analyse his feelings as he walked away. He had known but little of Judith Lisle, but, when first he saw her face, he felt that the vague dream, which till then had approached, only to elude him, in clouds, in fire, in poems, in flowers, in music, had taken human shape and looked at him out of her grey eyes. Percival had no certain assurance that she *was* his ideal, but from that time forward he pictured his ideal in her guise.

He did not dream of winning her. Mr. Lisle had boasted to him one evening, as they sat over their wine, of all that he meant to do for his

daughter, and of the great match he hoped she would make. Percival had a feeling of peculiar loyalty to Mr. Lisle, as the friend whom his dead father had trusted most of all. He could not think of Judith, for he could never be a fit husband for her in Mr. Lisle's eyes. Had he been heir to Brackenhill — But he was not.

So he acquiesced, patiently enough. He did not attempt to do anything. What was there to do? By the time that he had struggled through the crowd, and got his foot on the first round of that ladder which *may* lead to fortune, Judith would probably be married. He did not even know certainly that she was the woman he wanted to win. Why should he force the lazy stream of his existence into a rough and stony channel, that he might have a chance—infinitesimally small—of winning her?

Yet there were moments of exaltation, when it seemed to him as if his acquiescence were tame and mean, as if his life would miss its crown, unless he could attain to his ideal. At such moments he felt the stings of shame and ambition. Yet what could he do? The mood passed, and left him drifting onward as before.

But now all thought of Judith Lisle was over. Even if she were in truth his ideal woman, it was certain that she was no longer within his reach. That haunting possibility was gone. All that it had ever done for him was to make him dissatisfied with himself from time to time, and yet he found himself regretting it.
